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The Colossus on the Ways, by H. M. Tomlinson, on page 558

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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Modern Poetry

THE strange writhen forms of much modern poetry, its passion for metaphysics with consequent obscurity, its new rhythms and unromantic vocabulary, its unwillingness either to tell a story or to present in familiar figures what used to be called a poetic idea, all this and more in the poetry of T. S. Eliot, Archibald MacLeish, Phelps Putnam, Hart Crane, Edith Sitwell—to cite only a few,—and even in the philosophic utterance of the Poet Laureate in his "The Testament of Beauty," puzzle when they do not outrage the conservative reader. Are we to have, he says, no more songs, no more lucidity, no more evident beauty, no more poetry that is "simple, sensuous, and passionate?" Poetry has become, he thinks, more than ever before a cult, a private war against the obvious, a "mystery."

And yet, says Mr. MacLeish, in an essay on poetry published in last week's *Review*, if the conflict between a unified and a dismembered universe is to be solved at all, a poet will probably solve it.

The modern poet is getting ready to solve our modern conflicts between machinery and the soul, with what success only time can tell. He realizes more keenly (as is right) than the novelist or the dramatist the ambiguous nature of that material reality which is the stuff that all three must work with. Like the physicist, he looks through and around it.

It was the poets who first relieved the heavy blackness of primitive fear by humanizing nature. The sun and moon under their touch became gods, and their influence explicable in terms which gave man his dangerous place in the universe. Primitive poetry broke through the gross misconception of a malignancy prevalent everywhere in the unknown, which wild animals feel.

But the concept of materialism is almost as gross. To live in the whir of wheels, hum of wires, scrape of steel, dependent upon machinery, with the insistent belief pressed home hourly that the molecular forms of automobile and asphalt street are terminals of reality—that consciousness and therefore life itself is summed up and bounded by the things we have made and the stuff of their making—this is a curious repetition of primitive man's first complete dependence upon nature. He was engrossed by a bush, and we by a radio. He grovelled before natural force: we patronize it. Both accepted it as finality, as the Thing Itself.

The modern poet is skeptical of this belief. He feels that appearance is not reality, but he does not stop with such abstraction. Upon him more than the rest of us the "heavy and the weary weight" of the sensory world rests. He is more oppressed by the triumphant vigor of life-by-machines than relieved by the improvements in human comfort. He looks ahead to possible starvings of the soul or fatty degeneration of the mind. He fears that humanity, accepting matter at its face value, will more and more in its motions resemble the dumb reactions of matter. Being a verbalist, with whom thinking and feeling are by words, he is struck by the inadequacy of language to express these new dangers. If he turns backward (like Stephen Benét in "John Brown's Body") his modern suppleness is an asset and he can still write highly satisfactory poems. But for the present and the future he is not so well prepared. He is not merely on the defensive—poets have always been on the defensive—he is self-involved in his own difficult researches. For he is trying to break from the realities which applied science has made so familiar to us toward a different reality which cannot be represented in familiar words and for which any attempted representation will be so unfamiliar as to be relatively and perhaps absolutely obscure. He is experimenting, precisely as the scientist of the early nineteenth century experimented with models that were crude and often futile. With this difference, however, that the wise poet uses the tradition behind him. There was no specific tradition for thinking about electricity, but poetry, again and again, under different terms and with varying opposition, has flung itself against the grossities of animal thinking.

The obscurity, the cramped metaphysics, the highly experimental character of much modern poetry are not in themselves merits. They may be struggles toward success, or they may be gestures of failure. If poetry becomes an emotional cross-word puzzle for readers weary of the industrialized life, it is likely to have just about the imaginative importance of cross-word puzzles, and less real utility. But if there is a genuine attempt to break

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Critic

By LEONARD BACON

WHY am I better than all other men?
I do not have to prove it. I admit it.
Here is the nail, and I am here to hit it.
A blow that glances somewhat now and then.
With pure intention I take up the pen
That writes the truth, if any ever writ it.
Venom is vulgar. I decline to spit it.
Still if I must—Well, nine times out of ten

I do. I am tired. That book must be a bore.
Jones wrote it. He was rude to me at lunch,
And nobody quite likes him in our bunch.
Smith said he liked my novel. In my bones
I feel that I like Smith. But more and more
My conscience tells me to eviscerate Jones.

This Week

"King Spider."
Reviewed by J. M. S. ALLISON.
"Stretchers."
Reviewed by MARY LEE.
"Humanity Uprooted."
Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL.
"Myron T. Herrick."
Reviewed by DUMAS MALONE.
"Storm of Steel."
Reviewed by E. M. BENSON.
"Roots."
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.
Yankee Doodle Dandy. III.
By CHRISTOPHER WARD.

Next Week, or Later

Aboriginal American Fiction.
By MARY AUSTIN.

The Spider King*

By JOHN M. S. ALLISON
Yale University

HISTORICAL novelists, historians, biographers as well as certain chroniclers, musical comedy librettists, and scenario writers have found a harvest of material, and profit, in the person of Louis XI, last medieval king of France. Sir Walter Scott made of him a fascinating, although repulsive, monster. A recent scenario writer created a hunchback King, cruel and malicious, yet touched, occasionally, by a sentimentality that was mawkish and almost feminine. This portrait was just as untrue as the settings of dilapidated houses and ruined castles. King Louis had not always had a hump on his back and castles and houses were not all in a state of decline during his reign, for France in many ways, and in many places, was prosperous. Furthermore, Louis XI was not an evil, cruel, sentimental snob, but rather a cold, practically minded man who contributed, in a great degree, to the future power of his country.

Some years ago, a successful attempt was made to do away with the Louis XI of legend. With painstaking effort, one scholar presented, in a thesis, the various views of this King as found in novels, plays, biographies, and histories. Two years ago, Monsieur Champion published his "Life of Louis XI." It would have been easy to have destroyed the legend in a spectacular fashion, but Monsieur Champion selected the more difficult and dignified way. His careful and, in most places, accurate biography presented a dispassionate, objective, and comparatively scholarly study of this remarkable king. And when Monsieur Champion's work was done, Louis had not been stripped of all color, mystery, and fascination. The real man remained, the legend had gone, but the King was still an almost unique character. Ill of body, sick of soul, eaten up with ambition for his country, a sort of patriotism in which, as was the case in those days, he confused the greatness of himself with that of his people, he surmounted tremendous obstacles, sometimes blunderingly, and finally emerged with a France secure, revived, and prosperous. In the opinion of some of his reviewers, Monsieur Champion's work is final. But his able book has not closed the field entirely. On the contrary, it has created a need for studies of the associates and of the society that surrounded the Spider-King. The appearance of Mr. Wyndham Lewis's work is both apropos and timely.

It is quite evident that Mr. Lewis knows his bibliography and has utilized it. Furthermore, he has discovered exactly what remains to be done and, to a great extent, he has supplied the need. In a Prefatory Note, he warns his readers that they must not expect a biography, nor a chronicle of the King's "packed reign," nor yet an exhaustive attempt to set in parallel the various legends that all sorts and conditions of writers have composed about Louis XI. In fact, he even goes so far as to claim that the book has no "academic pretentions." Perhaps, it was not the intention of the author, but the fact remains that, in many respects, this study of the contemporary society of Louis XI is decidedly the equal of a great many other works about medieval France that have been solemnly sealed with the approval of scholars. And more, it possesses virtues that some of these accepted books lack. Only

* KING SPIDER. By D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS. New York: Coward-McCann. Hartford: Edwin Valentine Mitchell. 1929. $3.

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very occasionally are scholarly works really artistic productions. Scholarly works must never bear a spectacular title, although there does not appear to be any rule against the use of a pretentious one. A few of the more serious-minded will be offended by the title "King Spider," and the graceful appearance and arrangement of the book will arouse the suspicions of others. These gentlemen will do well to pack away their prejudices and spend an evening, altogether delightful and profitable even to them, in the company of Louis XI and his contemporaries. If they do so, they will have recalled to their minds much that they may have forgotten or overlooked, and a certain amount that will be for their soul's good.

Mr. Lewis aims to treat of certain less known aspects of late fifteenth-century France, and to portray that country in its period of post-war reconstruction. The form and method that he has selected are excellent. Only a part, and a small part at that, is devoted to a biographical study of the King. In this matter, he gallantly gives way to Monsieur Champion. The remainder of the book consists of a series of essays descriptive of scenes and characters during the life of the king. Most of these essays are real works of art, vignettes, clear cut, striking, and carefully analyzed. They are absolutely free from sensationalism: in fact, many of the principals described are deprived of a part of their romantic coloring. When this has been done, it appears to have been done for good and substantiated reasons. Olivier le Dame, the famous barber of the King, is not whitewashed. Although the legend of his sinister character is denied, he remains a repulsive and barbarous person. The famous Jehan de Balue, prelate-politician, adviser, and greatest of fifteenth century simonists, still appears as a rogue and villain, although Mr. Lewis refutes, and with considerable show of evidence, the story that he tried to betray his King into the hands of Burgundy at Peronne in 1468. In fact, he goes to prove that it was Balue along with Commynes who was instrumental in saving his royal master. Another charming portrait is the brief description of that entertaining chronicler of daily events, the French Pepys of the fifteenth century, who called himself the Bourgeois de Paris. Of them all, the essay on Commynes is the only one that is really disappointing.

Two other parts of the book should be mentioned. There is a very pleasant interlude between the study of Louis XI and that of his familiars which consists of selections from the letters of the King. Undoubtedly, many of Louis's letters of state are known to students of medieval history, but it is not likely that many of them have bothered to read his more personal correspondence. Today, if one were writing the life of a contemporary, one would insist on reviewing carefully his intimate papers. But often medieval scholars have been satisfied with surveying and analyzing carefully only the state papers. Louis the Master is clear, but is it a true portrait without Louis the Man? Most of the letters that have been selected by Mr. Lewis for inclusion in his volume cover a large field, but are related, almost entirely, to personal matters. In one of them, the King writes to Madame de la Bellière, the guardian of his nieces, concerning their régime:

> I am no doctor, but it seems to me that one should not forbid their drinking at irregular times if they are thirsty, but let a great deal of water be mixed with their wine, and let them have nothing but the *petiz vins* of Touraine. Give them no salted meats or spiced dishes, but boiled and all moist meats.

(Evidently, the poor young princesses were forced to *follow the régime d'Angleterre!*).

Another letter, of real political significance, sustains a point that is too often forgotten in regard to this King and the Church. Popular legend, and even one or two careful historians, have laid so much emphasis on Louis XI's obedience to religion that his rather frequent lapses have sometimes become obscured. A private letter dated 1479, however, recalls the fact that this King sometimes regarded himself as pontiff of his realm. There is a gentle irony and a real spirit of mastery in the lines addressed to a certain Cathedral Chapter:

> Dear and well beloved, we have already written you two or three times desiring you to elect Master Auger de Brye, our counsellor, in which matter you have done nothing. Elect him, therefore, on receipt of this letter, for we will on no account suffer any other to have this bishopric but our said counsellor; and if I find anyone opposing this, I will have him expelled from the Kingdom of France. See to this without fail.

But this King was, truly, a paradox; to the positive there was always a direct negative. Louis sought to rule the Church of France with an iron hand, and yet in certain ways he was its loving and most helpful patron. There is the touching incident of his devotion to the canons of Notre Dame de Cléry whose foundation he endorsed and the building of whose magnificent nave with its remarkable vaulting he made possible. Cléry was, in many ways, the great romance of this King's busy and practical life. Mr. Lewis is, one believes, the first writer to tell in English the significant and rather touching story of Louis's relation to this exquisite bit of late Gothic architecture. In his love for Cléry, one sees the finest side of the King. It is, one supposes, what some would call the superstitious side, although in this particular episode there is very little suggestion of the fearful hocus-pocus with which Louis's personal religion is usually credited. And it was Cléry which received Louis's tired body when life had departed from it. Incidentally, it is there, in an isolated part of Touraine, that Louis's body still rests, almost the sole mortal relic of the old line of French kings. The romantic story of the rediscovery of his burial place is well told by Mr. Lewis in the chapter entitled "Contemplation of a Skull."

This book, in many respects and in spite of its title, is a worthy companion of the "Life of Louis XI" by Monsieur Champion. It is impossible to read one without thinking of the other. But that does not mean that these two authors have the same approach to their subject. Both of them are medievalists, but there are at least two kinds of medievalists, although each has his place. With Mr. Lewis the Church plays a large part, and it would be utter folly to deny that this was not a fact during the Middle Ages. One reads it in his Prefatory Note and one feels it again and again in the chapters that follow. Once or twice, even, there is just a touch of special pleading. Again, Mr. Lewis belongs to a very ardent medieval school where, sometimes, even those who love the Middle Ages, its ideals, its religion, and its accomplishments cannot always follow. Not all of his readers and reviewers will be able to agree with his conception of "medieval" and "modern."

An Evacuation Hospital

STRETCHERS. By FREDERICK A. BOTTLE. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1929. $3.

Reviewed by MARY LEE
Author of "It's a Great War"

THERE are two types of books about the war. One is the reminiscent, biographical, contemporaneous account, so many of which appeared in the period from seven to ten years ago. The second is the newer type of war book which is beginning to appear at present, which aims to interpret for humanity those spiritual and emotional forces that underlie the facts of war. The difference between the two is the difference between Holinshed's Chronicle and Shakespeare's "Henry the Fifth," between a photograph and a portrait by an artist,—the one a mere historical recording of physical facts, the other the interpretation of the inner significance of those facts. "Stretchers" is a book of the first type. It is a painstaking and somewhat prosaic account of the work of a particular evacuation hospital behind the American lines in France, interspersed with extracts of diaries and letters written at the time, with a short and lucid explanation by a layman, for laymen, of the methods of surgery practised during the war. The book does for Evacuation Hospital Number 8 what James Norman Hall and Charles B. Nordhoff did in 1920 for the Lafayette Flying Corps with, perhaps, rather less personal appeal to members of the hospital unit, for the letters and diaries are presented anonymously and the individuality of members of the Hospital is little stressed.

The history of Evacuation Hospital 8 is, as the author means it to be, "an exact and detailed description of the whole process of the surgical care of battle casualties" at the second surgical clearing station behind the lines. Through this faithful account of the movements of one military unit various well known truths appear. The first is the colossal stupidity, the carelessness, the inefficiency of Army procedure. The writer has not, as he explains in his preface, written the book as an indictment of war or the policies of the United States Army. Nevertheless he states facts and the facts make that indictment stronger than words. We see unhardened recruits at Camp Upton routed out at four o'clock of a December's morning to catch a boat, which a civilian would have found out was not to arrive for thirty hours, and kept standing on the sea wall until fourteen of them fell down unconscious from the cold. We see the recruits putting in weeks of study on an obsolete handbook of war surgery, written after the Spanish War by an author who "never heard of high explosive, gas gangrene, or poison gas warfare," and this after modern war surgery had been in progress in Europe for three years. We see a hospital unit trained to a system of army paper work which proved utterly worthless and had to be discarded the moment the first evacuation occurred in France. We see patients jamming the operating room of the hospital for two days after the armistice, men maimed for life and dying, who had been "sent over the top on the morning of November 11, after the high officers in command had been notified that the fighting would cease at eleven o'clock."

We see the discourtesy, the stupidity, the snobbishness of army life, and all the silly arrogance of war. Enlisted men, toiling in a downpour of rain to quarry, truck, and crack up stones to make walks to the officers' quarters "so as they would not soil their feet," while "the nurses (who had no pathways of stone) bravely faced the mud with rubber boots." We see officers riding in a car warmed with a stove, while nurses freeze in the third class compartment next. We see nurses allowed to dance with officers, prohibited from dancing with the men, alongside of whom they worked in the wards all day.

The book brings out, too, with pleasing clarity certain facts about the war which are today generally coming to be accepted as truth. First: "that only a small fraction of the men who formed the armies of the United States during the war ever saw service in the trenches at all." Second, "that the army is really no worse than the society which created it. It is simply unashamed." Third, "that the American method of handling the difficult problem of incapacitation of troops by venereal infection is the best that any army has worked out. It consisted in providing easily accessible prophylaxis for men who had exposed themselves to infection and in enforcing the use of such prophylaxis by regular and rigid individual inspection with severe penalties for men who contracted venereal disease." Fourth, the problem which faced a whole generation of hardening itself to events which are of appalling horror to the generations between. "After one or two experiences of carrying amputated legs down to the incinerator," says Mr. Pottle, "it was impossible to get a thrill of horror out of such commonplace events. . . ." Fifth: that the American army "felt more at home in Germany than in France, and had no hesitation in saying that they liked the German people better than the French." And lastly, the book shows that disillusionment that members of the American army suffered when they discovered that their elders had determined to "knock the League of Nations on the head." "You see," says one of them:

> I had developed quite an idea that we had really done something to make the world better. But if this thing doesn't go through, it will have robbed my army service of all the idealism I had built around it, and make me think I merely transferred jobs, and didn't make a very wise choice.

As to its writing, only in rare bursts does "Stretchers" give the feel of war. Operative technique is described at length. We know exactly how many centimeters of flesh the surgeons cut away in their *débridgements* and just how the tubes for Dakin solution were put in. But that stench of blood and gas gangrene and ether, that desperate struggle of the human spirit losing itself in the unconscious, that fever of work and appalling pressure of fatigue that is a war operating room, somehow is not there. You can read the book with the same detachment that you might read a scientific treatise by a surgeon. At the end you are well informed about your subject. But it leaves you almost entirely unmoved. The most vivid portion of the book is that in which a contemporary diarist describes knocking about France after the Armistice, ticketless, moneyless, but always, one knows, with a grin. And the pictures,—and this is the irony of war,—call back to a member of the war generation that brave comradeship that comes of danger, of discomfort, of the common struggle in a great adventure.

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The Russia of Today

HUMANITY UPROOTED. By MAURICE HINDUS. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 1929. $3.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

Unhardened, unsophisticated, over-sensitive, Russians that they are, they cannot acclimate themselves to an alien civilization. They cannot strike roots in an alien soil or only very few of them. They shake fists and shriek defiance; they threaten and they boast, but they are mere gestures of despair, and perhaps of folly. They drift along with the winds of chance and circumstance. They still live with the inspiration of old Russia, the Russia that is no more, save in their own memory. Lonely folk they are, the loneliest in the world and they are rapidly growing sterile. Their souls are wilting, Merezhovsky, Hippius, Kuprin, Amfiteatrov, Milyukov, world figures once—now withering in ever-deepening obscurity—ghosts fumbling for light and never finding it! . . .

THUS Mr. Hindus in his chapter on "The Intelligentsia," contrasts the lot of the Russian emigré intellectuals with those who have contrived to remain in Russia. Whatever the justness of this observation, it serves to illustrate one of the most useful qualities of Mr. Hindus's book—the fact that he takes the Revolution seriously, is aware of the implications of the decade and more that has passed since the earthquake of 1917; that he begins, so to say, where most of the books written by foreigners about Russia leave off.

And of course Mr. Hindus, although he refers to himself frequently in his narrative as an American, is not precisely a foreigner in Russia. Born in one of the Russo-Jewish villages of south-western Russia, never, as he explains, having seen a railroad or an electric light until he left for the United States in 1914, he returned to his native land after the Revolution as a full-fledged westerner, a contributor to American magazines, lecturer to American women's clubs, and thoroughly "up" on what was in our American air, whether that of Greenwich Village or the corn-belt. All this—his early associations and knowledge of the language, his present political detachment and freedom to wander about (he has visited Russia several times since his return there in 1925), combined to widen his Russian horizons and to give him a certain in-and-outness unusual in the circumstances.

He takes no sides, in the sense of indulging in controversy, but occasionally, as in his observations on religion, for instance, his seeming lack of preconceptions of his own, however tacit, lends this very objectiveness a certain note of advocacy. Yet, in none of the books written about Russia, is it possible to find, in the facts presented, a more thoroughgoing indictment of Bolshevik theory and practice, if one chooses to pick out only matter for negative criticism and to look at it for the conventional anti-Bolshevik point of view.

Oddly enough, however, the book will, one fancies, not displease Moscow, for the simple reason that the author does take Russian Communism so seriously. The tyrants, as the anti-Bolshevik sees them, become here the prophets of a new religion; their ruthlessness rises from the category of crime to a certain sublimity.

Mr. Hindus makes no bones about putting the Bolshevik case a good deal more bluntly than it usually is stated. The Communist attack on religion, for example, is not, as it has sometimes seemed to "liberal" observers, the more or less inevitable reaction from the rottenness existing in the old Russian Church and the obscurantism of a religion never yet touched by the tonic fires of the Reformation. It is a definite attack on religion, as such, as the word is generally understood. The new order would recognize no power beyond those material and understandable forces which control the here and now.

Property goes; the family, as it has hitherto existed, goes; love, too, except as a "bio-chemical process." In short, the new order would scrap most of the things that man has hitherto been supposed to live by.

Yet spiritually the Communist is perhaps the most satisfied man in the world. Principle, Passion, Power, Triumph rule his life. These are his chief pillars of support. On them he has hung his heart, his soul, his life, his whole future. He never doubts ultimate triumph. No religion the world has ever known has inculcated in man a sense of predestination more sturdy than the Communist harbors. . . . That is why, I must emphasize, the Communist is a really happy man. No despair for him. No doubt. No disappointments with Versailles treaties, Polish corridors, League of Nations, Franco-British naval Pacts, entangling alliances, Fascist dictatorships. All of the things which bring forth wails from a *New Republic*, a *Nation*, a *Manchester Guardian*, give him no qualms. All the doubts and perplexities that assault the minds of a Spengler, a Keyserling, a Bertrand Russell, leave him unmoved. He expects nothing from liberalism, nor from the men in whom liberals repose their faith. He derides their appeals to human goodness and social justice just as ferociously as he mocks the churchman's call to Christian service and Christian charity. He has only contempt for the capitalist and his order of society and is never annoyed or saddened by anything that happens within its bounds. Two worlds exist for him—his own and those outside his ranks. He can see no middle world—nor a middle way of bridging the gap between the two. . . .

Gone for him is the old Russian spirit of doubt, self-reproach, resignation. Gone are Chekhov's "Cherry Orchards," "Uncle Vanyas," "Three Sisters,"—who sob so beautifully, suffer so nobly and so uselessly.

A terrible destroyer, the Russian Communist has this to his credit—he has infused a new will into the Russian man, a new energy, a new impudence. He is hardening the very fibre of the Russian soul. Blunderer and wrecker that he is, he never looks back on his errors save only with the thought of never repeating them. He may fail in his ultimate goal. Property may never become the possession of the collective society. He may be swept off the Russian stage, indeed the stage of history, by a fury more mighty than he had unleashed when he swooped on old Russia with the resolve to whip her into submission. But it will not be by the Kerenskys and Milyukovs, by men "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," and with eloquence as their chief weapon of combat. It will be a new man, forged by the communist himself in his own crucible of Passion, Principle, Power, Triumph, a man mightier than he not only in thought, but in will and in deed, as ready to wreck as he, but with far more ample capacity to build and to conquer!

One of the best-known of the presumed portraits of Louis XI of France.

Proceeding from this general point of view, the author examines, with results that may be imagined, religion, property, man, sex, the family, love; various classes—peasant, proletarian, communist, woman, Jew, Cossack, Youth, Intellegentsia, and concludes with a consideration, rather sophomoric in comparison with the purely Russian part of the book, of the Revolution in its relation to international politics.

One could wish that an observer with such unusual opportunities might be less the oratorical essayist and more the straight reporter. A book which would do for the new Russia what Mackenzie Wallace's venerable "Russia" did for the old, would be invaluable today. However, Mr. Hindus is excellent in his own vein, and first and last, he does back up his generalizations with a lot of things seen and said.

The writer must confess his own inability to take the present régime in Russia quite so much *au grand sérieux*. Certainly there are individual Communists here and there who fit Mr. Hindus's characterization. Certainly, too, in Russia, one is frequently caught up and swept along by the fresh breeze of a new order. There is, indeed, an accent on strength, energy, industry, promptness, decision, that didn't exist in the old Russia. Hundreds of thousands of simple men and women have a sense of self-respect; a feeling that it is *their* factory, *their* army, *their* country; that they can stand up and look anybody in the eye, which they didn't have before. (The "psychology" here, although put in Marxian terms, is often very like that of the luckier sort of old-fashioned immigrant to the United States, who might ascribe his metamorphosis to "liberty," "democracy," or possibly even to the Republican party!)

But the Russian masses themselves are, comparatively speaking, so ingenuous and childlike; most of the leaders, is measured, not against their background, but against the best the West has to show, are so frequently second or third rate; the whole experiment has been conducted so behind barred gates, as it were; the Slav temperament is so unpredictable, and Russia such a place for the unexpected to happen, that one is slow to draw from appearances the same conclusions that might be drawn were one considering Germans or Englishmen.

In Valentine Kataev's amusing farce, "The Embezzlers," the chief accountant of one of the Moscow "trusts," on a dismal, drizzling afternoon, suddenly puts the cash for the monthly payroll in his pocket and sallies forth, accompanied by his clerk, to realize some of their long pent-up desires. As they drift, pleasantly inebriated, for a few pleasant weeks about Russia, they keep running into individuals whom they first take for detectives but who turn out to be exceedingly human, if frail, adventurers like themselves, also engaged, with funds doubtfully acquired, in deplorable and thoroughly capitalistic endeavors to have a good time.

Kataev's story is, of course, frankly whimsical; one of those bits of moral let-down, in which people living in a tragic air like that of present-day Russia, occasionally indulge to keep from going crazy. And Mr. Hindus's book is good medicine for those who still don't take the Russian Revolution with sufficient seriousness. But I can't escape the feeling that the "truth about Russia" lies somewhere between the two!

Dramatized Good Will

MYRON T. HERRICK, FRIEND OF FRANCE. An Autobiographical Biography. By COL. T. BENTLEY MOTT. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1929. $5.

Reviewed by DUMAS MALONE

Associate Editor, "Dictionary of American Biography"

MYRON T. HERRICK went to France as American ambassador in 1912, expecting to remain a year and enjoy a good holiday. Fifty-eight years of age, a successful business man, essentially self-made, he had been governor of his state and stood high in Republican counsels but had made no strong bid for fame. He knew little or nothing of conventional diplomacy. He remained in France nearly three years instead of one and later returned for eight years more, became a symbol of American good will, and made his final journey home last spring on a French cruiser, a final tribute from a people who had long loved him. Fortune provided this kindly Ohioan with unexpected opportunities and enabled him to become one of the dramatic figures of a great era.

His memoirs would have constituted a valuable contribution to the personal literature of the war and the period of reconstruction, but he did not like to write and could not be induced to pen them. He did like to talk, however, and his military attaché, Col. Mott, fortunately recorded his oral reminiscenses and has incorporated them in a volume which is little short of autobiographical. The letters which are here published cannot well be compared with those of Walter Hines Page, which in literary excellence far surpass them, but this chatty, rather ill-organized, consistently interesting book gives a vivid picture of a genial ambassador, whom most readers will be predisposed to admire and even love. If it reveals any considerable fault in Herrick we have not discovered it. For a critical appraisal of his career one must go elsewhere, but enough is given here to enable one to estimate the causes of his immense popular success.

The story of Herrick's life before he went to France is that of a man who by his own energy, judgment, and character attained wealth and high personal standing. He was in the confidence of Mark Hanna and an intimate friend of McKinley, and might have held a position in the Cabinet, but held aloof from public office until he had achieved financial independence. He served as governor of Ohio in 1904-1905, but was defeated for re-election. He accepted the ambassadorship to France hoping that he might employ himself usefully during his short stay there by studying the operation of rural credits in Europe. There was no special reason why he should have received the appointment. If he had any great facility in the use of French his biographer does not say so. Col. Mott's silence on this point may have been due to the fact that he himself did much to supply the deficiency. With the artifices and artificialities of conventional diplomacy Herrick had little sympathy. He was a

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wholesome American business man, without startling ideas of any sort, but with sound common sense and intense loyalty to his friends, party, and country. Handsome, sensible, kindly, he was doubtless a satisfactory, though not a distinguished, ambassador in time of peace. But for Wilson's difficulty in finding a successor, he would have returned to America before the war. His successor, William G. Sharp, named only in June, 1914, was beaten to France by the war, which rendered Herrick indispensable.

As a business man, Herrick was admirably qualified to deal with the problems of administration which immediately developed; but providing for stranded tourists, financing the American Hospital, and establishing the American Relief Clearing House would never have won the heart of France. When, in simple fidelity, he remained at his post in Paris when the government fled the beleaguered city in September, he gained the undying gratitude of the French and assured his fame. "Some defender of the law of nations ought to stay," he said. General Gallieni took Herrick for a ride with him the day after the government left, wanting the discouraged Parisians to see them together. Soon after this the American ambassador barely escaped death from a German bomb. Thus did he become a dramatic figure, a symbol of loyalty, fearlessness, and good will. Problems of neutrality did not long disturb him as they did Page; relieved on December 1 by Ambassador Sharp, whose part had been distinctly undramatic, he returned home a hero.

The nine years which elapsed before Herrick's return as ambassador were relatively uneventful. A candidate for the United States Senate in 1916, he was defeated, in part doubtless by the German vote. Talked of as a presidential possibility, he might well have been nominated in 1920 but for his refusal to be considered because of his earlier relations with the Wabash Terminal. A difficulty, for which he was not responsible, in connection with the accounts of this unsuccessful enterprise had not been cleared up and might have been used as a weapon against him. His friend Harding sent him back to France in 1921. Dramatically, he arrived on Bastile Day, July 14.

The eight years of his second ambassadorship presented psychological problems far greater than those he had previously faced. Criticism of the United States grew steadily, caused him great unhappiness, and might have destroyed the personal popularity he so greatly cherished. In the vexing question of the debts, he apparently managed to combine loyalty to his own government with sympathy for the French, and always he reminded the French of past American services as perhaps no one else could have done. The political skies were particularly threatening when Lindbergh came, against the advice of Herrick, and cleared the air. This dramatic expression of good will, in more than the Herrick manner, redounded to the credit of the United States and its ambassador and temporarily restored sunshine to Franco-American relations. Herrick claims that he did little or no coaching of Lindbergh, but he, like that hero, was artlessly tactful and shared his glory. French attention was again focused on American courage, simplicity, and idealism, which were so well exemplified by the ambassador himself.

The last days of Herrick provided the final dramatic touch. With characteristic loyalty and forgetfulness of self, he spent five hours marching or standing at the funeral of Marshal Foch, though himself in health that was far from good. A few days later he died in the embassy on the Avenue d'Iéna which he had bought for his government. In death he renewed his association with the war and its great personalities.

Whether or not Myron T. Herrick was a great ambassador in the technical sense, he was a notable representative of his country. Despite his long stay among the French, he remained an unaffected American to the end. The secret of his success lay in the circumstances which focused attention upon him, and the candor, sincerity, loyalty, and kindliness of his nature. He was fortunate in being able to realize upon his character and personality.

Modern Poetry

(*Continued from page* 553)

through to a new expressiveness by fire-fresh terms, then the poet deserves patience and faith. If he is not Christ, he may be John the Baptist. The birth of a new dispensation is often preceded by pain in obscurity and the writhings of minds trying to make their wills incarnate in words.

Germany at War

STORM OF STEEL. By Ernest Junger. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1929. $2.50.

SCHLUMP. The Story of a German Soldier. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by E. M. Benson

"STORM OF STEEL" has remained unpublished since its appearance in Germany in 1921. Thanks to Mr. Basil Creighton's excellent translation, this superb chronicle of systematic slaughter, as recorded by a young lieutenant in the Seventy-third Hanoverian Fusiliers, is now easily accessible. Ernst Junger's book is a perfect antidote to the romantico-realistic war fiction that promises to deluge America. It is not a sob story. It does not discuss the ethics of war. It is an authentic account of war as it was seen through the shrewd, unforgetting eyes of a Prussian officer who, although wounded twenty times during his four years of service on the western front, persisted in surviving, a feat which His Majesty rewarded with the Iron Cross and Poul le Mérite.

"Time only strengthens my conviction," the author writes in his new preface to the American edition, "that it was a good and strenuous life, and that war, for all its destructiveness, was an incomparable schooling of the heart." It is not a hero's wounded pride, bitter in defeat, that prompts this German soldier to proclaim war an ennobling experience. Strange as it may appear to a world befuddled by plans for international peace and vague Toystoyan pleas for the brotherhood of man, it is, nevertheless, true that the World War gave Ernst Junger and his generation a chance to fight for an ideal—Vaterland—the only ideal, perhaps, which was left for them to hang their hopes on. The ghosts of Nietzsche and Wagner lived again in those nineteen-year-old schoolboys, for whom Ernest Junger speaks when he says: "Life has no depth of meaning except when it is pledged for an ideal."

Ernst Junger frankly admits that he and his men took a perverted pleasure in the macabre. In searching for a reasonable cause he discovers that "the horrible was undoubtedly a part of that irresistible attraction that drew us into the war. A long period of law and order, such as our generation had behind it, produces a real craving for the abnormal, a craving that literature stimulates." Again at Guillemont, where the air was thick with the stench of decaying bodies, he says somewhat elliptically: "The Europe of today appeared here for the first time on the field of battle." To what extent this is an indictment of modern civilization we must refer to the judgment of trained thinkers. The author only occasionally indulges in reflections either psychological or philosophical. His aim, as he states it, "is to deal with the experience of war purely." This he does to our complete satisfaction.

* * *

If "Schlump" had had the good fortune to be published in this country before "All Quiet on the Western Front," it would, we are quite sure, have gratified our increasingly voracious war inquisitiveness to an even greater degree than Mr. Remarque's world-famous chronicle. Coming at a time, however, when the common reader is being recommended to take a larger dose of war fiction than he can comfortably swallow, it is unlikely that "Schlump" will be widely read. We pray that it will not be lost in the shuffle. For it is the most complete—if not the most provocative—evocation of the World War, as seen through the naïve eyes of a young Teuton recruit, that we have ever read. While not so authentic a manual of front line fighting as "Storm of Steel," nor so grandly conceived and beautifully written as Arnold Zweig's "Case of Sergeant Grischa," "Schlump" will be remembered by its readers for its vivid comprehension of that portion of the German population which suffered in brave silence while the sons of Prussia were being eaten by the insatiable monster—War. It is a worthy contribution to the overstuffed shelves of the *Weltkriegsbücherei.*

Schlump, born Emil Schulz, the son of a village tailor, reached his sixteenth birthday at the outbreak of the war. He clamored for a gray uniform with brass buttons. In 1915, against his parents' wishes, he volunteered. The girls, he thought, liked him better that way. He hadn't the vaguest idea what the war was about. How about a schoolboy to understand the ironic cruelty of war? Bathed in sweat, Schlump trained to be a hero and a scourge to the enemy. He was neither the one nor the other. To his surprise he was detailed to Leffrande where he was installed as the sole administrator of three occupied villages. Seventeen-year-old Schlump was nonplussed. What did he know about the bewildering affairs of army organization? What did he know about anything? He approached the Occupation Headquarters in deepest dudgeon.

> He began to perspire, to pull together everything he had learned at school, and feverishly prepared something to say to them. He had his little round cap on his head and was ashamed of the pants he was wearing—they were much too wide for him. He stepped in among them . . . and addressed the women, of whom he was most afraid: 'What did you do yesterday?' They answered him all at once . . . He understood *nothing* and said: 'Very well, do the same today.' They turned their backs on him, moved off a couple of paces and seemed ready to burst with laughter.

The iron ration days of '17 and '18, when men willingly bartered their month's pay for a slice of black, mouldy bread spread with "monkey fat," the war-time substitute for lard, were still to be lived, and Schlump, content with his newly acquired sinecure, had neither the desire nor the vision to look into the future. So this young Mayor of Leffrande signed his name three times a day to official documents, lived on the fat of the land, and enjoyed the comparative security of adultery. Then, suddenly, Schlump was jerked out of this pleasant milieu and ordered to the front. The fires of his erstwhile patriotism burned less warmly. His heart was not in raids, patrol duty, surprise attacks, bully beef, and rats. It was at home with his mother, with Johanna, the girl he kissed at a dance, and with those many women he had known intimately for an hour or a day.

A severe second wound offered Schlump an interlude from the front. He returned to a mother and father who were starving. All Germany was starving. It was dying, like Schlump's father, of attrition. Slowly, very slowly the calamity of war dawned on Schlump. He saw and felt things not as a philosopher, but as a child who cannot gain complete realization until he is thrust against a wall of shattering sensations. Then this child-man awoke. Yet, though his head revolted, his heart remained true to the Fatherland. Loyalties are not so easily destroyed.

The anonymous author of "Schlump" gives us an extraordinarily accurate account of the German retreat that immediately preceded the Armistice. A mad fury took possession of the German soldiers. A horrible danger—the danger of chaos—was miraculously averted by Hindenburg. He called "on the troops not to lose their heads, to form soldiers' councils and to obey their decisions." They obeyed. One can conjecture what might have happened had they run amuck!

Barbera, of Florence, are bringing out a reprint of the National Edition of Galileo's works, first published by them between 1890 and 1909, under the direction of the late Professor Antonio Favaro, of Padua University. The reprint will consist of twenty quarto volumes.

Six editions of Galileo's works had preceded the National Edition, but not one of them was absolutely complete or perfectly accurate. The National Edition is made doubly interesting by the fact that it contains not only the full text of Galileo's own writings, but also those of his most important adversaries in controversy. It includes all the letters known to exsit written either by Galileo or to him, besides such letters of his contemporaries as throw any light on his life or discoveries.

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Spain in Sombre Guise

ROOTS. By EDUARDO ZAMACOIS. The Viking Press. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THE setting of "Roots" will be new to most of its American readers; it is laid in the elevated plain of Castile, a country that is arid and burning in summer, windy and freezing in winter, and at all times harsh as the background of a painting by Zuloaga. Here the peasants lead lives as somber as the work of El Greco, but sometimes varied by scenes as macabre as those of Goya. "Roots" is full of incidents of almost unbelievable cruelty, and of passions terribly disproportionate to their causes. At the very beginning Manuel, one of the chief characters, tells the barber to give him a haircut and a shave, and because the barber begins to shave him first (instead of following the order given), they are at knives drawn and have to be parted by the bystanders. So any careless word may lead to hideous consequences. There is a quarrel between two young men, Rionda and Martin, in the course of which Rionda threatens to cut down Martin's prized rose-bush, to which Martin replies by solemnly swearing that then he will eat the tongue with which Rionda uttered his threat, and each of them keeps his word.

The story is concerned with the hatred between two brothers, Manuel and Leandro. Manuel is a grasping, narrow farmer; Leandro, who has been away on military service, is less practical and less satisfied with the village life of Carrascal del Horcajo. The author calls them antitypes of Cain, the tiller of the soil, and Abel, the keeper of sheep. Their story works itself out against the background of the whole village: the other peasants, the women who sit in their balconies and look on, the tiny village aristocracy, a bundle of crooked sticks, eccentric as independent men in isolated communities are apt to be, all are vividly presented. This last group, sitting in the café, at the tables whose marble tops are tomb-stones, form a sort of chorus. They explain to each other, with fatalistic philosophy, the forces working, the hardness of the life, the local prejudices, the Gothic and Saracenic strains in the Spanish character, the superstitious but potent religion; their ultimate conclusion is that it is not the actors but Carrascal del Horcajo that has done what is done. Their conversation is an often penetrating and always interesting study in the Spanish character.

The atmosphere is strikingly similar to that of "Desire Under the Elms"; there is the same pitiless background, the same ravenous delight in possessing the soil, so much stronger in barren countries than in fertile ones, and the same congenial fondness for a cruel religion and a jealous God. That "Roots" does not make so profound an impression as "Desire Under the Elms" is partly because, to Anglo-Saxon readers at last, it seems a little over-written, not in the style, but in the whole design. There are too many revolting incidents intended to show that the Spaniard avenges an injury upon the part that gave it; the chorus in the cafe labor their points too much. But the difference in effect is more because of the different heroes. The boy in "Desire," plunged into love of his step-mother, is a definite and deeply appealing figure; Leandro, who wants only something different from his surroundings, is, like most undetermined idealists in fiction, rather hard to visualize, still more to compassionate. But Leandro is the only vague figure in a brutally vivid and absorbing book. "Roots" should find many readers in this country.

Lincolniana

LINCOLN'S BOY SPY. By CAPTAIN LOUIS NEWCOME. New York: G. P. Putman's Sons. 1929. $1.75.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THIS unusual piece of juvenile literature is not fiction at all, but a genuine though slight addition to the list of authentic recollections dealing with Lincoln. Captain Newcome began his Civil War service at fourteen as a drummer boy in a Boston regiment. By accident he became the bearer of despatches from one of the armies to Lincoln, handing them in person—barefoot, dirty, with bloodstained uniform—to the President in the White House. Lincoln was struck by his intelligence and energy, detained him, handed him over to Colonel Sherry of his personal guard, and shortly had him employed on a number of secret-service errands.

As a mere boy, he was able to escape the suspicion which a man of military age might often excite. He was under the tutelage of Allan Pinkerton, and was often near the President—once with him in the White House when a bullet from some would-be assassin came in through the window. His principal duties were in carrying orders to officers in the field, but he also aided in tracking down Southern sympathizers in the capital. Mr. Newcome has told his story well, and it will prove of decided interest to all boys. It is unfortunate that he has not documented it a little for the sake of older readers, and that it bears the marks of a failing memory, even in the misspelling of proper names that might easily be verified and corrected. But it is a genuine piece of Lincolniana, and as such entitled to respect.

Yankee Doodle Dandy

III

CORNWALLIS came to Yorktown. But so did
Washington and deGrasse and Rochambeau
And a lot of other Yankees and French,
An army and a fleet, and they licked him.
Yes sir, they cleaned him up. He surrendered
Horse, foot and dragoons, lock, stock and barrel.
His reflections on that sad occasion
Were expressed in the elegiac manner.

"When I first hung this sword at my side,
I said as I went on parade,
So cocky and swanky,
'Now God help the Yankee
That comes within reach of my blade.
It has point, it has edge and I know
How to hew off the head of my foe,
How to slash him and slice him,
If I can entice him
In reach of my murderous blow!'
So I said in my arrogant pride
When I first hung this sword at my side."

"Now isn't it preposterous and isn't it ridiculous,
When I've been so observant of the etiquette of war,
When I've dressed and drilled my soldiers with methods so meticulous,
I'm beaten by these farmer-boys, whose manners I deplore?
Instead of steering clear of me
Manifesting fear of me,
Riding from me, hiding from me—see, this vulgar horde
Has totally confounded me, surrounded me, impounded me,
And here I am surrendering my silver mounted sword.
I really don't know when I've been so absolutely bored."

But what of Jabez, our old friend.
Well, Jabez had already a mouthful
Of war, all he could chew. He was no hog.
He knew when he had enough. He knew, too,
That no one else was going to protect
Him from getting too much. No one else
Cared particularly whether he got home
Safe or filled a hero's grave. That was up
To him. He took precautions accordingly.

When the shot and shell were screaming upon the battlefield,
His comrades missed the gallant private Wintergreen.
And when the fight was done and the enemy did yield
They saw that he was nowhere to be seen.
They looked about and found him, unwounded and unhurt,
Where he had lain behind a stack of hay.
His uniform they kindly took, but left to him his shirt.
And as they gently kicked him out, they heard him softly say;

"Just break the news to Mother,
My sister and my brother,
My wife and little children.
Just say I'm coming home.
Just say I'll no more leave them,
And, because I know 'twill grieve them
To see me coming back again,
Just break the news to them.

Jabez Wintergreen was sound asleep
And dreaming. He dreamed of the day when
His descendants should meet in the annual
Wintergreen Family Reunion
To celebrate the virtues and the valor
Of their Revolutionary Ancestor.
He saw them gathering, hundreds of them
From Massachusetts and Ohio and
Iowa and Los Angeles and points
Between—Congressman Wintergreen and
Judge Wintergreen and Mrs. Amelia
Wintergreen Sprott and her son
Little Wintergreen Sprott, and nearly all
Of them were either Sons or Daughters of
The Revolution, by virtue of
The gallant services of their ancestor.

The Congressman made a speech about him
And so did the Judge. They told how he saved
The army at Bunker Hill, by leading
To safety the troops disorganized by
The death of Warren their commander,
And how he did many other deeds
Of valor. Then little Wintergreen Sprott
Pulled a string and unveiled a statue
Of Colonel Jabez disguised as a Minute
Man, to commemorate his services
At Lexington and Bunker Hill and
Brandywine and Valley Forge and Yorktown,
At the sight of which they all cheered, except
Those who were too choked by emotion to cheer.
Then, led by Mrs. A. W. Sprott they all joined
In singing the Wintergreen Family Hymn.

"At Lexington 'twas Parker led
The men who gathered there.
At Bunker Hill 'twas Warren's boast
That he commanded all the host,
That gave the British such a roast,
As we are well aware.
But who's the man that fired the shot
They heard the world around?
What tiger fought at Bunker Hill,
The last to leave his ground?
'Twas Wintergreen, our Wintergreen,
The bravest soldier ever seen.
'Twas Colonel Jabez Wintergreen,
For courage world renowned.

George Washington rode in a boat
Across the Delaware.
At Princeton and at Brandywine,
Surrounded by his staff so fine,
He stood behind the firing line,
As we are well aware.
But who's the man that rowed the boat
And put him safe ashore?
Who was it that in every fight
The brunt of battle bore?
'Twas Wintergreen, our Wintergreen,
The bravest soldier ever seen.
'Twas Colonel Jabez Wintergreen
That really won the war."

Few other Ancestors had such a record.
They were all proud of him and of themselves
Because they were his Descendants.

And as Jabez dreamed, so it came to pass.

CHRISTOPHER WARD.

"The memoirs of Prince Bülow," says the London *Observer*, "appear to be remarkable from more than one point of view.

"The Prince began them in 1921, and finished them in 1927, although he made alterations until very shortly before his death. He changed in their entirety the first draft of the passages dealing with the question of Germany's collapse at the end of the war and the reasons that brought it about, since subsequent events caused him to modify his opinions. This is of as much importance to students of German politics as his complete revision of the first account he wrote down of his dealings with Prince Eulenberg and the Berlin background to events in those days."

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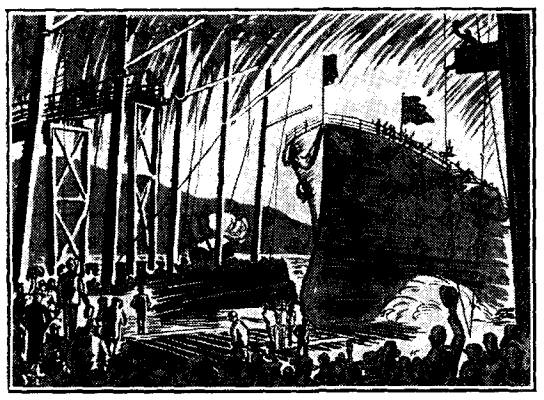
The Colossus on the Ways



THE traffic of Dockland, where my omnibus stopped, loosened into a broadway. There the vans and lorries, released from the congestion of narrow streets, opened out and made speed in an uproar of iron-shod wheels and hooves on granite blocks. I could hear progress. It was on its way. It was pouring about in a triumphant muddle of noise too loud to be doubted. There was no need to repose on faith in the favored evolution of man. That wonderful conjuration of good things out of this planet by the steam-engine and the cotton-jenny was dominant. There was assurance in the very noise made by the magic while it was at work, for it excluded thought. My bus was at a standstill, but it had merely paused for more passengers, and was getting them fast. The topmasts of a few sailing-ships overlooked us from an ancient and exclusive wall, but they at least could remind us of the advance in our welfare made in but a few years. There they were. Those clipper ships were still in sight, though they were for ever in the past, with the wooden walls and the Elizabethan era, to which they belonged. I looked down and read idly the destinations shown in the port marks of some bales on a lorry which rolled by us—Basrah, Karachi, and Masulipatam.

Those names and that lorry were not passing us by chance, for the portal to the East India Dock, a substantial symbol left to distinguish that shipping parish by John Company, was just opposite. The lorry with its merchandise for the Orient had come along inevitably in the logic of the years. It met us not haphazardly, but through predestination. That solemn portal to its fleet of Indiamen had been built by the old company of merchant adventurers only a century before. The East India company had gone, but the lorry with its bales was a sign that we were busily involved in the consequences of Clive. Ours was the opulent benefaction, and we could go thankfully forward whither the continuation of the logic of affairs would take us. In its haste the successful tide of life was even clangorous, but there was hardihood in its noise, and while waiting for our omnibus to make the next stage I could read on cargoes for ships the names which showed how wide was our Empire and how fertile was our security.

The bus had halted by a tavern, the *Sir John Franklin*. Under the upper windows of the tavern was a portrait, a smeared relic of a famous occasion when the public rejoiced over a long and prosperous reign; the relic was still recent enough to be in accord with the times. In that picture of Queen Victoria the proud regal regard was the worse for the weather, but there it remained, with a legend beneath weakened by rain into a chromatic illegibility, though I could spell out the words "bless her." A number of seamen, ironworkers, and dockers, idled in groups about the broadwalk beneath. They lounged against walls, or stood on the curb and stared, their hands in their pockets, unconscious of the significance of the Franklins and Clives, their benefactors, and of the inspiration of the confident Victorian pageant in which even I had my place, though only on a bus seat. The dark postern gate to the dock of the East India Company was open, and the stones of the grim structure framed a bright vista of the basin, as though to the past, a past which was tranquil, for now it was apart from life. The lagoon within was a mirror. Not a breath, not a tremor of the present, flawed its polished silver. The policeman at the gate, it seemed to me, was the sentinel who would forbid us to return to what had been. We must keep on. I could see the black length of one clipper, with its white ports, but she was set in another day. Yet that day had only just gone. We could look into yesterday. It was still shining.

We must keep on, and on we went. The hooves of the horses of our bus suddenly exploded into the general clatter. Two workmen had taken the seat in front of me, and they were arguing. It was about a lady. One of the stout fellows was convinced of her virtue. He declared that she was a beauty. His companion, though he praised, did so grudgingly. He was a trifle doubting; a timid fellow, perhaps, who could not bravely admire because he was not man enough. He hinted that she might not conduct herself as well as some people seemed to think she would. How did they know? Besides, she was too big. He found some courage in the sound of his own opposition. "Damned great thing," he blurted out. "Nice penny she would cost, too."

"An' she's worth it. Besides, you've had some of it, as far as I know."

"Same as you. I'm not saying anything about that. What I mean is, it's a rotten idea, the bigger the better. Where's it going to stop?"

"Stop?" His companion was scornfully silent as he stooped to knock out his pipe deliberately on the deck of the bus. I eyed the vane of a sailing-ship over us. "Stop? What for? Who wants it to stop? Where'd we be if it stopped?"

"'Ave it your way, then. What I say is, every time we build another it's bigger than the last. We're just about overdoin' it, I say. Why, George, look what's happened since you and me went into the yard. One time you could see all round the job, see what you was doing.. They looked like ships. Now what is it? Nothing nowadays but bloody great engines."

"You bet they're engines. What d'yer want, pigsties? No satisfying some of you fellers. Everything's engines now, ain't it? They'll get bigger yet, and lots more of 'em, I hope. It's according to nature. Why, I remember my old father used to say he expected some day horses would have clockwork guts and run the Derby on wheels."

"I hope everybody'll enjoy it."

"Of course they will. They'll enjoy it. That's the sort of horse they'll like, because it's the horse they'll know. When you know, you don't know any different."

The other fellow took his cap off, and readjusted it slowly. "Getting old, I suppose," he reflected. "Never get used to it. But when I looked up at 'er the other morning, the morning Bill was carted off to the 'orspital, it seemed to me the great brute had taken charge of us. The more we do for them the more they want. Men won't count soon."

His friend chuckled harshly. "Stands to reason you can't monkey about with them, that size, and the staging high enough for a church steeple. But they'll be bigger yet, mark my words. Bound to get bigger. That's how things go. Before we've done with the yard, Jim, today's launch will look like a penny steamer."

The horses of the bus slowed as they toiled up the ascent to the bridge which crosses Bow Creek into Canning Town. "Nothing to stop 'em getting more length and beam every time. We shall have the next one soon, too, with any luck. Fact is, you and me are getting old, Jim. But we shall have to keep up with things, while we can check in when the hooter goes. Anyhow, hav'n't we given a good lead to the young uns? Look at her! There she is!"

Beyond the mudflats, gasometers, the yards of the barge-builders, and the stretches of gross marsh weeds, I could see the lady. She was a battleship. Her prow, projecting from the web of her staging, was superior to the parish. She could have been a permanent structure there, and the principal feature of the district. She was more conspicuous than even a near church tower.

"Look at her, Jim. Tell me if she ain't a fine job. Ever seen a better?"

Jim said nothing. He, like every other passenger of the bus, had his head turned to the wonder of the day, the noblest ship ever built by us; and justly ours because once we have taken a direction we know is right, and on which we shall prosper, then whatever belongs to that road is inevitable, for it is just that an ideal should have its rewards. So this was one of our cardinal days. The most powerful battleship we had ever built was to be launched within the hour. The arid streets about us had no color except what had been bestowed upon them by their myriad chimneys. They looked as though poverty had been born there, and there had grown aged, but would never die. But we were maintaining a great tradition, which was known to all the world. Dingy and barren as our neighborhood might seem, it was from here the Indiamen came, and here the *Great Eastern* was built, and here we awed covetous enemies with the birth of the world's first ironclad; and not so long ago, either. Though felicity did not appear to be more than an occasional guest, for our streets were subdued to the sombre cast of woe, yet science, you could see, dwelt with us. It had brusquely intersected our pavements with railway metals, and had built great docks where liners, to justify us, came from China to moor at the ends of London's slums. It had magnified us with chemical factories, flour mills, sugar, soap, and rubber works, so that it was easy, when you were used to it, to endure a smell for which you had no name. It was only a drab smell, the essence of our elements. Here was the England made by coal and iron, the enormous darkness and rumble which had come in a century out of fertile minds and busy hands quickened by discovery and desire; so not much was likely to be noticeable of that beauty which shines from truth as it unfolds, because we had not yet come to that. A century is not long. It is but fair to remember that men were making flint implements, with little variation, while glacial ages came and went, and the slow sea foundered the land, and then gave it back to the sun. Plenty of time was ours, therefore, to attain to what was lovely and of good report. That day, that afternoon, we were to add more to the strength of our state, and the safety of its wealth. What we had gained we must secure; and there she was, a ship stronger than ever, to counterpoise the weight of our need.

BECAUSE of her, that day was a holiday. We thronged the road to the shipyard. Mothers with their infants crowded at the street corners to watch us on our way to honor the work of their husbands and sons. And ahead of us, for all to see, was the occasion, towering higher and mightier as we approached it, a little awe-inspiring in its magnitude, the chief work of the Thames. So massively was she elevated that you could have imagined she had drawn up the substance of the place, had diminished what was about her as her belly swelled. The greater she grew, then the meaner became the homes beneath her shadow. She had taken their virtue, as she had absorbed from their inhabitants their time, their skill, and their energy. The goodness of the parish might have been drawn up to put upon the sky the form of a brooding giant. She lorded it over us, haughty and terrible, and her gaily fluttering bunting was a sign of the buoyancy with which she possessed her threatening strength. She was called forth by us, and she was there, ready to be furnished with her guns. The timbers in which we had caged her could no more hold her now than cobwebs. When I stood under her, amid the litter of industry, dust and rust and chips of wood and scraps of metal, and looked up past the projection of her smooth body, it was as though black calamity were impending and might fall upon us through the chance of an unlucky jolt. Yet that was only the doubt of a witness who stood nervously under a shape so dark and vast; his confidence that his fellows knew what they were doing faltered when threatened by so ominous a symbol of their faith. I took my eyes from the giddy height of her, and a group of workmen paused near me; and one, an evident leader, with a mallet in his fist, contemplated Leviathan for some moments, contemplated her calmly, and with fond approbation. One of the men spoke. "Does she want another touch there, Mr. Bolt?"

Their leader considered this. "No. She'll do. She's all right."

The benches of a temporary gallery, from

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by H. M. Tomlinson

which the dainty touch of Lady Carroll would send the warship about her business, were crowded with guests. Most of us did not know much about ships; we were happy, expectant, and ignorant. I do not think any of us doubted that the launch of so vast a shape of metal from the earth to the water could be other than bland and appropriate. We may doubt the warranty of the priest, but never that of the mathematician. And the successful launch of a ship is the final solution to a host of converging problems. It is the visible completion of a human achievement in a dramatic instant. In a moment the ship comes to life. The thoughts and devices of a multitude of men, not obviously relevant when there is but a conception to be embodied in ore and timber, slowly converge and associate materially. A skeleton and a shape arise. Then a day comes when a crowd of rusty and grimy midgets stand surveying from the rubbish of their labors the giant they have evoked. Above them, the projection of many thoughts, is now their single desire in being, the colossus on the ways, the proof in steel, obscuring very heaven, that as men wish so is their world. They willed her, and she is there, ready to crush them if they have erred.

The prow of the ship, which almost touched our high gallery, dimmed the light. The hull dilated beyond us in noble curves, daring in their light inclusion of strength and mass, and hid the river; we could not see the water on which that shape would float, if ever it did float. The monster appeared to be set everlastingly on the place where men had built it, as though to mock them with the fate of temerarious ambition. Perhaps this time they had been too clever. Direct daylight was shut out from us above; I could not see to what height that molded promontory of steel was elevated. If we peered upwards, what we saw was an extension of the outflaring walls of metal and the celebrant garlands and ensigns. Far below us, on the ground, we watched manikins scurrying in and out of a forest of struts and beams on urgent but ambiguous duties. Now and then, daringly, they vanished under the bulging threat of the hull, and then we understood that that huge body was precariously balanced over the earth, and might go too soon or too late, because it was upheld on no more than a bold though careful guess; so that it was forgivable to question whether our neighbors knew enough to control the prodigy they had evoked. Faith wavered in a chill draught of doubt.

Yet about me I could see no signs of misgiving. My neighbors and their friends, assembled to admire that promise of the future, knew full well that the skilled work of their fellows must go right and do right, and therefore they admired. The thousands of distant witnesses heaped in the stands were restless and obscure strata, pinkish and misty under the eager bunting. It was the flags, banners, and pennants, flamboyantly exultant, which betrayed our flushed enthusiasm.

OUR mayor, whose daily task, when not acting as mayor, was to persuade local housewives to purchase pianos for which they had no use, joined us severely, in his robes and insignia. And after him, descending the improvised gallery to the launching-table in nervous deliberation, came a large and rosy cleric in the vestments of his sacred office. He approached his place with a heavy but wary tread. He glanced about him bravely but hesitatingly, prepared to face whatever needed his ministration, though I thought the magnitude of this profane scene, and its unfamiliar aspect, a little intimidated him. For the nose of a great ship, where water cannot be seen, projecting among guests gathered in a mid-air staging, doubtless must have appeared extraordinary to one to whom the affairs of men are of profound moral significance. Yet his free and leisurely manner, and the unrestrained sonority of his voice, as he conversed with the manager of the works, confided to us that, after all, the armored ram of a new warship, though so unusual to him, could be as rightly an object for godly solicitude as a baby at the font.

"Why, yes, just where you are is as good a place for you as any," the manager assured the priest. "She mustn't go without your word. Must have a prayer." The manager's voice rose above the buzzing of voices, and he smiled at the cleric, and then glanced knowingly at the seats behind him, where near me sat members of his staff. He did not wink at us. There was no need.

The clergy laughed politely at the compliment, though he knew it was true. Then he became grave. "I say," he said, "I'm so very glad to hear, you know, that it is not a custom here to christen ships with wine. Quite right. Very good, very good. A most barbarous practice, and an anachronism, in a civilized country. I've often thought, sir, that if people only knew the ancient meaning behind these surviving pagan superstitions, then they would die a natural death."

The manager screwed his eyes and nodded, but he did not answer. The clergyman continued to speak, but there was some nearer grumbling behind me, subdued but scornful. "Pagan superstition! He doesn't know what he's talking about. She's got to have her drink. Somebody will get hurt if she doesn't. She'll have blood. A lot he knows about launching a ship."

The priest, who was still talking, did not hear that. It was only a muttering at a distance from his own favored seat. He remained unaware that in spite of the marvels of modern engineering in that diocese, there yet persisted a few heresies and false lights, which were secretly held and were more ancient than all the articles of his faith, and perhaps were as abiding.

THE manager, who was watching everything, rose with sudden alacrity, and his authoritative expression lapsed into a happy guise, benign and expectant. A pretty little woman had appeared with a party of friends at the top of a gangway. The manager hurried past us to greet her. Lady Carroll had arrived. When she stood at the launching-table we had something better than the ship to look at. The honor of her position animated the wife of the owner of the Carroll line of ships, whose house flag was famous in our parish. The manager explained to her the wonders of the creation to which she was to give life. She made pleasing gestures of astonishment. The expanse of her hat of golden straw, which had a chaplet of red roses, unluckily hid her face unless she turned to survey the gallery; which she did, at times, for she was kind and knew we were there. And whenever she did that it was easy to forgive her hat, and the ribbons under her chin, because they proved an encouraging ambush for eyes so innocent yet lively with inviting curiosity in us. She even joked with the ecclesiast. He must be careful. Unless he did his part well, the ship would not obey her command when she told it to go.

"Oh, won't it?" muttered a critic behind me. There was some contempt for the fine company in his growls. "I hope her ladyship's next baby will launch as easy, that's all."

The confusion of voices presently was hushed. The ecclesiast's official mumble alone was heard, but he was addressing the ship. He raised a gracious hand over her ram. The manager gave a quick glance below, and nodded to Lady Carroll, who confided a few words cheerfully to the hull before her, though I heard nothing but "and good luck to you."

We stared then in silence at that prow. It was as before. Then I suspected that a splash of paint on the bow, which was obvious because of the accidental oddity of its outline, might be closing with a post of the staging. But perhaps I had moved my head. Did she intend to go?

That cheer started her. But her movement was hardly perceptible. Yes, the splash of paint had almost eclipsed behind the post. She was off. Some beams below splintered and crashed. The uncertain cheering rose to a continuous roar. A space had grown somehow between us and that nose. She was leaving us, slowly, and severely, in a steady glide, which had opened a gulf before our high gallery. Her glide increased to a headlong descent in rigid uprightness, which surprised us with a view of her complete form in swiftly diminishing perspective. We saw the water break white from her stern as she rushed into the river, but could hear nothing but our own applause. She curtsied to us and anchored. She was in being. Her life had begun. Yet her going had left a great emptiness, a dizzy expanse of day before and below us.

Lady Carroll stood prominent in that high light with the officials, surveying in happiness the consequence of the mere approval of her touch. "We hope to begin to fill that vacant place again soon," said the manager to her.

"Well," she confided, "perhaps I ought not to tell you, but I think I've heard that the opportunity won't be long coming to you." She turned her back on the ship she had launched, making pretty movements with her hands as she said more to the manager, who escorted her. A man behind me brushed past to look over the rail of the gallery, and the suspicious activity of little figures below in the yard took me with him to see what was happening. We stared down.

"There it is," said my fellow watcher. "I knew she would."

A workman was sprawled on his back beneath us, as if he had fallen asleep where the forefoot of the warship had been. His mates were gathering about him.

"I said so," said the man beside me, nodding at the scene below. "She was bound to have her rights."

The foregoing sketch is a fragment from Mr. Tomlinson's novel, "All of Our Yesterdays," shortly to be issued by Harper & Brothers. It constitutes the opening pages of a book which begins with the outbreak of the Boer War and concludes as the Armistice Day Celebration of 1918 *pours its hordes into the streets of London. Readers of the* Saturday Review *will not have to be told that H. M. Tomlinson is one of the most notable writers of present-day England, one whose work wears the distinction of a profound and brooding soul. An editorial writer on the London* Daily News *at the outbreak of the World War, he was war correspondent in Belgium from August,* 1914, *and an Official Correspondent at General Headquarters of the British Armies in France from* 1915-1917. *From* 1917 *to* 1923 *he was Literary Editor of the London* Nation and Athenæum. *Among his books are "The Sea and the Jungle," "Old Junk," "London River," "Tidemarks," "Gifts of Fortune," and "Gallions Reach."*

"It is strange," says the *Manchester Guardian*, "that there should have been till now no memorial that the wayfarer might see to Thomas Carlyle in the village of Ecclefechan—the Entepfuhl of 'Sartor Resartus'—where he was born and where he is buried. For if ever a man owed his genius to the soil and the circumstances from which he came it was he. The fine and massive head that is best known to the world by Whistler's supreme portrait and by the bust on the Chelsea Embankment will henceforth stand at the fork in Ecclefechan of the Glasgow and Edinburgh roads. It marks the spot where Carlyle started, at the age of fourteen, on a ninety-mile tramp to enroll himself as a student of the University of Edinburgh.

A correspondent of the London *Observer* writes to his paper that "Thomas Mann, winner of this year's Nobel prize for literature, is working on the new book which he began two years ago. He describes it as the book of a man whose thoughts are now turned towards things youth ignores. This is a long two-volume work entitled 'Joseph and His Brethren.' He is making an attempt, he says, with modesty, 'to treat certain subjects from the religious-psychological-mythological point of view.' 'Joseph' has been progressing slowly, as all Thomas Mann's work progresses. In the meantime this season's publication is a collection of essays and speeches collected during the past five years. 'Demands of the Day' is of deep interest to Germans, who are accustomed to call upon Thomas Mann for his opinion on some debatable subject much as a referee is chosen in a sporting event. Nothing ephemeral comes from the Mann study: the final judgment, the dispassionate weighing of arguments, make him a notable figure in a country whose highest civil profession was always the law, studied academically, and not necessarily practised."

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Books of Special Interest

Old Worlds Revealed

MAGIC SPADES, THE ROMANCE OF ARCHÆOLOGY. By R. V. D. MAGOFFIN and EMILY C. DAVIS. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1929. $5.

Reviewed by MARY HAMILTON SWINDLER
Bryn Mawr College

SCIENTIFIC excavation is only fifty years old. This is an almost incredible fact when we consider the new worlds that have come to light within this time and the history that has been written and rewritten as a result of archæological discovery.

The lure of buried treasure forms one of the greatest appeals of archæology, and it is this romantic side of archæology which "Magic Spades" wishes to emphasize. This is much more palatable for the general public than the long story of thirty years' digging in the desert sands of Egypt to find the Tomb of Tutankhamen or the opening of nine hundred graves at Ur before the discovery of Queen Shubad's treasure. Archæology is not all romance, but the writers of this book have had the acumen to see that romance is one of the things which the archæologist may share with the public.

"Magic Spades" belongs to the ever-increasing class of books which seek to popularize scientific subjects for the layman. The finest thing about the volume is the vast panorama of discoveries which it spreads out before us—in Egypt, the Orient, Greece, Italy, and America. No one reading it can fail to be impressed with the colossal undertakings and achievement of modern archæology.

The first half of the volume is written by Ralph Van Deman Magoffin, President of the Archæological Institute of America and Professor of Archæology in New York University. The field which he treats covers Egypt, the Ancient East, Greece, and Italy. The second half, which is the work of Miss Emily Davis, Archæological Staff Writer of *Science Service*, deals with the civilization of the Incas, the Mayas, and the American Indian, with added chapters on Britain and Scandinavia. The book is thoroughly popular in style; in fact, it appears to suffer at times from an attempt to make it lively, but it is vivid and carries the reader along swiftly and sometimes breathlessly.

It opens with a chapter filled with anecdotes about archæological discoveries ranging from the finding of dice at Præneste to that of crocodiles stuffed with papyri in Egypt. It continues with a second chapter which narrates stories concerning hoards of gold and silver coins buried in jars in Egypt, Sidon, Tangiers, and other sites—"pots full of money and of history." The treasures unearthed in ancient shipwrecks are discussed and the importance of excavations in Crete. These early chapters are apparently intended to whet the appetite of the reader for the more important discussions which follow.

In the chapter on Egypt the author takes up the wonder of the pyramids, the discovery of the Royal Tombs, and the poor technique of Belzoni in digging. He tells of ancient tomb robbers about 1100 B.C., and gives a confession of one of them. The account closes with the latest discoveries in Egypt, such as those of Reisner, the French Institute in Cairo, and Firth's excavations at Sakkara.

The section dealing with the Near East is concerned largely with the "Deluge Tablets" and the evidence for the Flood which was discovered by Wolley at Ur. The confirmation of Biblical history by archæology is emphasized. The author further discusses the Hittites and their language, and the reader has a feeling that he may possibly excavate one of those eight hundred sites still to be uncovered in Asia Minor. The discoveries at Ur and the Indus civilization are treated at length.

With Greece and Italy, each of which claims a chapter in the book, various sites are handled, e. g., Mycenæ, Olynthus, Corinth, Cyrene, Lepcis Magna, Pompeii, and the Lake of Nemi. All of these are touched upon lightly but with insistence upon the importance of new discoveries.

The most vulnerable point in this part of the book lies in the puns and captions. The extent of the popularization may be gathered from statements such as: "Helen went to Troy because she wanted to be the first woman . . . to get her gowns from Paris." The golden wig of Mes-Kalam-dug is termed "A King's Permanent Wave"; the golden bull's head with the lapis lazuli beard which adorned the front of a Royal Harp at Ur is called "a bang-up Bluebeard."

The second half of the book by Miss Davis which deals especially with discoveries in our own Southwest and in Yucatan, Peru, and Mexico is very interestingly handled. It is time for American archæology to take its place in the story of archæology. Its importance is recognized in some of our colleges where courses are now offered in this field. The Tombs of the Vikings, the Burial Ship of a Viking woman, and treasures from Northern lands are also reviewed by Miss Davis. Her final chapter, in which she speculates upon what would have happened if Columbus had never found America, is full of clever ideas.

The book will doubtless have the wide reading public for which it is intended. It has much to tell of the tremendous territory in which archæologists are busily delving, and it will doubtless attract many to prepare themselves for the fifty-year excavation which the uncovering of the Market Place in Athens entails.

Louis XI in Fiction

THE DEVIL. By ALFRED NEUMANN. Translated by HUNTLEY PATERSON. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928. $3.

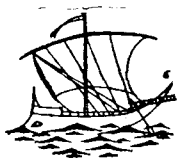
THE REBELS. By ALFRED NEUMANN. Translated by HUNTLEY PATERSON. The same. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

THE melodramatic tendency of post-war German literature is nowhere more in evidence than in the work of Alfred Neumann. His historical novels, even while pedantically weighted down with factual details until the narrative staggers like an overloaded pack-horse, move on a plane which is neither that of history nor yet romance. In "The Devil" Herr Neumann is not really interested in the France of Louis XI, and in "The Rebels" he does not care twopence about the Italy of the Carbonari; we do not understand either period any the better after reading his novels. Nor is he, like the writer of romance, such as Dumas or Stevenson, really interested in action. His attention is narrowly centered upon the psychological no-man's land of poisoned emotions supposed to accompany dark intrigue and abnormal relations. These are thrown into the historical past merely to surround them with an atmosphere wherein unplausibilities of character and speech may riot freely without the detection which they would instantly suffer in the clear light of the realistic present. Grant Herr Neumann his presupposition of a race of human beings acting always under the stress of deep and fateful passions—grant him this, and all is well. Then, the portentous airs which they assume on the slightest provocation and the oracular manner of speech which they adopt without any provocation will seem not unsuitable to such strange creatures. Once try to relate them to any reality outside of the story, however, and it is all over with them.

Of the two novels, "The Devil" is by far the better. Herr Neumann, of course, had a subject made to his hand in the person of Louis XI of France. By stressing the morbid and demoniac elements in the king's character, a vivid, if unhistorical, portrait is presented. The story of the subtle affinity between Louis and his chief adviser, Oliver Necker, barber of Ghent, and of how this affinity triumphs over the hatred engendered by the king's taking Oliver's wife to be his mistress, is told fervently and compellingly. But in "The Rebels," dealing with the Carbonari movement of 1830, the author received no such initial aid from history. Unpresented with a protagonist, he seems, for about half the story, unable to find one. The beginning, a long and tedious account of an incestuous relationship, has little to do with anything that follows. Even after the author approaches his main situation, he goes lurching from one set of characters to another. When finally the spotlight falls on Gasto Guerra, leader of the Florentine Carbonari, and his dubious sister, Magdalena, they are slow in acting up to their important rôles. The reader has hardly, at last, become vitally interested in them when the story abruptly closes with both in prison. Presumably in Herr Neumann's work, "Guerra," announced as in preparation, he will proceed with their careers. It is to be hoped, and expected, that, having a running start, he will produce a far more interesting book.

The reader of Herr Neumann's "The Devil" would do well to read in conjunction with it D. B. Wyndham-Lewis's "King Spider" of which a review appears on an earlier page of this issue of the *Saturday Review*.



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Plenty of Margin. II

By Amy Loveman

HOW adamant are the demands of the printed page! There we were a week ago in the very middle of our suggestions for Christmas books for your friend whose interests lie in the field of international affairs, when suddenly we were confronted by the fact that we had reached the bottom of our column. No single line or paragraph more could we squeeze in, so we stood not on the order of our going, but ceased without ado—or adieu. Now, just as abruptly we resume. Here are further books to be had for your friend of international propensities.

There's H. Hessell Tiltman's "James Ramsay Macdonald" (Stokes), and J. Hugh Edwards's "David Lloyd George" (Sears), and the second volume of Raymond Poincaré's "Memories" (Doubleday, Doran). If conditions viewed impersonally, rather than events seen under the alembic of personality, engage his attention, you might find that Gilbert Murray's "The Ordeal of This Generation" (Harpers), would prove a welcome gift to him. The League has no more ardent a supporter as it has no more persuasive and eloquent an exponent than Mr. Murray, whose fine fervor and skilful pen adorn any comment he makes upon it. Emil Ludwig, too, has produced a book which in its lively and adroit dialogue-discussion of the causes of the war should prove interesting reading to those who vividly recall the flood of recrimination loosed by its onset. To the generation too young to remember clearly the outbreak of the conflict, "July '14" (Putnam) should prove illuminating and fascinating.

Again we forget that your friend of the international mind may, like the rest of us, occasionally enjoy fiction. Well, you have a way of indulging his liking at the same time that you neatly prove your awareness of his interest in foreign affairs by sending him Ernst Glaeser's "Class of 1902" (Viking), a remarkable portrayal both of adolescence and of the havoc caused in the morale of the German people by the fact of war, or Mariano Azuela's "The Under-Dogs" (Brentanos), a forceful and effective chronicle of revolution in Mexico, or "Pidgin Cargo" (Century) by Alice Tisdale Hobart, a picture of revolutionary China which those competent to speak on the subject have pronounced faithful both to the facts and the spirit of the country.

Heavens! Here we are reaching the end of our paragraphs suggesting books for the "chief," and we've almost forgotten to mention Governor Smith's autobiography, "Up to Now" (Viking). That's a book that is interesting even though it is necessarily so cautious that little of inside events and politics appears in it.

But what have we done? We have gone on and on and forgotten that you may be wondering what would specially appeal to your minister or friend whose concern with religious problems is profound. Perhaps J. Middleton Murry's "God" (Harpers), an intensely personal record chronicling the evolution of Mr. Murry's faith, written with ardor, emotion, and eloquence, might please him, or T. F. Powys's "Interpretation of Genesis" (Viking), or, if it is published by the time you make your purchases, "Cradle of Gold," by Llewellyn Powys (Harcourt, Brace). Then, if you wish to furnish him with reading matter that may stir him to argument, you might send him Harry Elmer Barnes's "The Twilight of Christianity" (Vangard), or if you think fiction would be more to his liking, Dorothy Glaser's "Brother Anselmo" (Payson & Clarke). And if he is interested in poetry (and why should he not be?), add to it Robinson Jeffers's "Dear Judas" and Lola Ridge's "Firehead" (Payson & Clarke), a lofty narrative poem depicting the day of the crucifixion. Perchance there is one among your acquaintance who is interested rather in the development of religions than in specific religious problems. If so, bestow upon him Salomon Reinach's "Orpheus" (Liveright), a history of religions, or Padraic Colum's "Orpheus" (Macmillan), a résumé of the myths of the world. You would do well, too, to send with either of these volumes the "Bhagavad-Gita" (Chicago), which Arthur Ryder has admirably translated.

And so now your friend of the cloth is provided for, and we must on to another. You remember Gilbert's verse?

You have a daughter, Captain Reese,
Ten female cousins and a niece,
A ma, if what I'm told is true,
Six sisters and an aunt or two.

Surely, like Captain Reese, you have an aunt or two, a beloved, venerable lady who not only enters into your interests but wins your delighted attention with her accounts of events that have past. She is the person who, remembering the days when Disraeli was news of the breakfast table, would rejoice to receive the stout volume of his correspondence to Lady Bradford and Lady Chesterfield (Appleton), letters in which Lord Beaconsfield lived an elderly romance, or would enjoy reading Susan Ertz's "The Galaxy" (Appleton), a novel which winds its leisurely way from mid-Victorian times to the present, or would find to her liking Lizette Woodworth Reese's "A Victorian Village" (Farrar & Rinehart), the chronicle of a small town just outside of Baltimore. Or you might send her Viola Meynell's life of her mother, Alice Meynell (Scribners), or "Life's Ebb and Flow" (Morrow), by the Countess of Warwick. Helen Keller, whose early education and remarkable conquest of tragic handicaps she must have followed with interest as it progressed, has recently published the second volume of her memoirs, entitled "Midstream" (Doubleday, Doran), and Anne Parrish has a new book that should make appeal in "The Methodist Faun" (Harpers). Then, since age is usually tender to the passion of youth, you might send her Barbara Goolden's "The Waking Bird" (Day), a delicate portrayal of young love, or, since the changing codes of morality which have succeeded one another in her day could not but engage her attention, you could fitly bestow upon her Ellen Glasgow's witty, skilful, and beautifully artistic novel, "They Stooped to Folly" (Doubleday, Doran).

Now that we have supplied you with books for your aunt, surely you would not say to us in Shakespeare's words, "Uncle me no uncle." For him we've prepared a list on the supposition that history past and present, both in the form of sober chronicle and invested with the glamour of fiction, would appeal to him. It includes Bernard Fay's "Benjamin Franklin: Apostle of His Times" (Little, Brown), which our reviewer last week called incomparably the best biography of Franklin that has appeared, Brand Whitlock's lively and careful life of Lafayette (Appleton), and that second biography of an early American by a Frenchman, Gilbert Chinard's "Thomas Jefferson, the Apostle of Americanism" (Little, Brown). Then, too, it embraces "John Brown" (Payson & Clarke), by Robert Penn Warren (and when you're sending that don't forget if your uncle hasn't read it yet to include with it Stephen Vincent Benét's "John Brown's Body" [Doubleday, Doran]); Captain B. H. Liddell Hart's "Sherman: Soldier, Realist, American" (Dodd, Mead); Col. J. F. C. Fuller's "The Generalship of Ulysses S. Grant" (Dodd, Mead), and Claude G. Bowers's "The Tragic Era" (Houghton Mifflin), a chronicle of the revolution after Lincoln. Coming down through the years to a period which your uncle will remember in the making, we find for him Paxton Hibben's "The Peerless Leader" (Farrar & Rinehart), a biography of William Jennings Bryan, and Thomas Beer's "Hanna" (Knopf), the life of another political leader who was a much-discussed figure in his day. Your uncle, if he is the man we take him to be, would like, too, American history of another sort as represented in Garnett Laidlaw Eskew's "The Pageant of the Packets" (Holt) and Lyle Saxon's "Old Louisiana" (Century), and if he has a taste for fiction, Durward Grinstead's horrific novel of witchcraft in which Cotton Mather figures in shadowy fashion, "Elva" (Covici-Friede). But what reason have we to suppose that your relative cares nothing at all for the history of nations other than his own? None whatsoever beyond the necessities of a list which we arbitrarily prepared, and into which we now fling by way of defiance to all categories two historical novels playing in the past of Europe, the late Donn Byrne's "Field of Honor" (Century), a tale of Napoleonic days, and Carola Oman's story of Anne of Warwick and Richard III entitled "Crouchback" (Holt).

Now your uncle's off our list. Well, there's your friend of the classical enthusiasms (we mean enthusiasm for classical times, not the traditional enthusiasms, and we rather think we've made ourselves no clearer than before we began to explain). How about sending him G. P. Baker's "Hannibal" (Dodd, Mead), Norman Douglas's "Birds and Beasts of the Greek Anthology" (Cape-Smith), or Robert William Rogers's "A History of Ancient Persia" (Scribners)? But how inadequate we seem with these few books to offer you. "On the sudden," though, "a Roman thought hath struck" us. "This grief is crowned with consolation." Now that our quotation is writ (and what is writ is writ), we realize that our thought is only Roman because we are thinking in terms of Antony, not of Cleopatra. And it was E. Barrington's "The Laughing Queen" (Dodd, Mead), a romance woven about the Queen of Egypt, that we were going to suggest that you send to your friend who is the lover of the ancient past. And now, when it's too late to make the proper transition, we discover that it really was a Roman thought that sudden struck us, for we meant to recommend to you the tale of that other Queen which Gertrude Atherton has entitled "Dido, Queen of Hearts" (Liveright). A *Roman* thought, we hear you mutter, when she was Carthage's Queen? We know, but wasn't it Rome that made us think of Virgil, and Virgil of the "Æneid," and the "Æneid" of Dido? And doesn't that sentence now make us think of "this is the house that Jack built?" Before we know it we'll be prescribing fairy stories for your classical-minded friend. Perhaps we're not so far from them when we suggest that you send him Naomi Mitchison's "Barbarian Stories" (Harcourt, Brace), which recreates different periods of history.

We've certainly fallen sudden not only on a thought but into an associative frame of mind. For that mention of the "Æneid" has reminded us of its opening line—*Arma virumque cano, Troiæ qui primus ab oris*—, and the "Troiæ" has reminded us, oddly enough, not of Homer, but of Tennyson and his "ringing plains of windy Troy," and that again has put us in mind of the Poet Laureate's

Ah, when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams across the sea,
Thro' all the circle of the golden year?

No, that hasn't reminded us of the President's thirty thousand word message to Congress. No, no, we shouldn't dream of suggesting that you send that as a Christmas present to your friend, though it would be an act of pious citizenship to read it. No, Tennyson's lines only reminded us that there is a large crop of war books of rather notable sort this season, and that perhaps your friend the ex-soldier or the ex-canteen worker would be delighted to receive one of them.

There has, of course, been a succession of novels which have followed along the path blazed by "All Quiet on the Western Front" in depicting war in its most unmitigated aspects and reflecting its effect upon the morale of individuals and nations as well as describing its incidents. Perhaps after all we are wrong in picking out your ex-soldier or ex-canteen friend as the proper recipient of these books, since they of all others do not have to have rehearsed for them the facts of war. However, removed from the struggle as they have been by the years, they may be interested in comparing their reactions with those of others who experienced and suffered as they did. At any rate, here is our list of books that are outstanding if you wish to make a gift of a volume of the sort: Ludwig Renn's "War" (Dodd, Mead) and the anonymous "Schlump" (Harcourt, Brace), which, like "All Quiet on the Western Front," portray the conflict from the German point of view; "Siberian Garrison," by Rodion Markovits (Liveright), in which passages of stark horror describing life in a prison camp follow upon an entertaining narrative chronicling the entrance of a Hungarian into the army; "It's a Great War" (Houghton Mifflin), by Mary Lee, and "Stretchers" (Yale University Press), by Frederick M. Pottle, the first of which is a portrayal, with all the gloss off, of the life behind the lines of the nurses and canteen assistants who bent their arduous efforts on keeping the fighting man at the front, and the second the record of an evacuation hospital, and "All Else Is Folly" (Coward-McCann), by Peregrine Acland, an account of the war from the Canadian angle. Then there's a book of a different sort which we think your friend who was in France would undoubtedly rejoice to own, "Songs My Mother Never Taught Me" (Macaulay), compiled by Lieutenant John J. Niles, with music by Lieutenant Douglas S. Moore. So there you are, supplied with war books for those who want them.

We must haste us, for limitations of space threaten our loquacity again. And all this while we've made no specific suggestions for your friends of the younger generation. To be sure, any of the books which we have suggested for their elders might interest them quite as much as those we are about to name. Still we've compiled a list for them which

(*Continued on page* 564)

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Brief Reviews

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HANNIBAL. By G. P. BAKER. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

"For a true understanding of modern political society, we have to go back to Hannibal; that is the argument of the author of 'Sulla the Fortunate' and of this engrossing volume, and he makes good his case in one of the most stimulating biographies that has appeared this year."—*N. Y. Times.*

LOUIS XI. By PIERRE CHAMPION. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead. $5.00.

"There are few characters in history that stand more vividly—more luridly—before us than Louis XI, the aged recluse of Plessis-les-Tours, sickly and superstitious, crafty, craven and cruel. But our Louis XI is the legendary character of 'Quentin Durward' and of 'Notre-Dame de Paris.' Pierre Champion, a thorough scholar who has made the fifteenth century his field, is attempting to dispel this mist of legend and to give us the historical Louis XI. Written with delightful ease, and with the brilliancy of a fifteenth century miniature." —*N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

KOWTOW. By PRINCESS DER LING. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

"A woman of China, imbued with the spirit and education of the West, the opportunities enjoyed by Princess Der Ling have been equal to her genius as a writer and her acumen as an observer, and in her books she presents her readers with pictures of China and the Chinese under the late empire, elsewhere not presented."—*The Argonaut.*

A VAGABOND'S PROVENCE. By ANNE MERRIMAN PECK. Illustrated by the author. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

"A really beautiful and satisfying travel book. The story of an artist's ramblings in Provence. She spent much time visiting remote stretches of country, lesser-known towns and out-of-the-way villages and she has given us the tale of her wanderings, embellished by many woodcuts and drawings. She touches but lightly on the Riviera and other tourist centers and takes us into the more intimate heart of the country, off the beaten track. "—*Minneapolis Journal.*

CLARK OF THE OHIO. A Life of George Rogers Clark. By FREDERICK PALMER. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead. $5.00.

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A Letter from France

By Abel Chevalley

THE generation of men born in the second half of the nineteenth century has witnessed a great mental drama. The nature of reality, the best possibilities of its expression in art were in question.

It is easy to scoff at such general queries, and pretend to one's self that the answer does not really matter. "We feel beauty where it is, that is sufficient. That only is real in art and literature. The rest belongs to metaphysics. . . ."

Yes, but we are all born metaphysicians. The most common sense (that of fitness) and the rarest (that of beauty) belong to metaphysics. To say that beauty is truth and reality, the only reality, is not to answer to Keats, but to evade the question which goes to the root of all others. It is not only to elude the solution, but to elude it metaphysically. If beauty is reality, the reverse is true. What then is reality? How can it be best reflected in literature?

From about 1850 until about 1890 an almost universal conviction was established, at least in France, that reality was revealed by science and expressed by literary "realism." A most inappropriate term, that word "realism," if one remembers that in previous ages it meant the "real" existence of *ideas*, independently of things. But let us not digress. . . . To the men of 1880, all facts arrayed themselves under the inexorable laws of nature, and "naturalism" became another watchword for the great majority of "advanced" artists and writers. Smile if you like at the simplicity of those verbal couplings: reality-realism, nature-naturalism, which recall indeed the virtue of soporifics in ancient medicine. But we are all tarred with the same brush and still using and inventing explanations of the same naïve quality.

Realism and naturalism were then concomitant with the reign of positivist science as a religion. The future of humanity, the fate of democracy, the happiness and salvation of our race were considered as indissolubly bound up with the progress of science and the range of its material discoveries.

Men like Taine and Renan (until his last years) were the prophets of the scientific view, Berthelot its herald. Zola, Maupassant and their school, Huysmans before his conversion, Octave Mirbeau all his life, Lucien Descaves, J. H. Rosny, Abel Hermant, even Paul Bourget in his unregenerate days when he prided himself upon being "experimental"—all of them considered themselves as the literary interpreters of a "reality" founded on science.

I am not sure that even in the year 1929 the same spirit does not survive in literature, stronger and more vigorous than is generally suspected. . . . Let us only note that the Goncourt Academy, though open to all talents, has served for the last thirty years as a conservatory for the hardy plant acclimatized by Zola and Maupassant. Some excellent novelists still writing, and young writers of the first rank, can be considered as the representatives of that old realism-and-naturalism which only those who deny its kicks when it kicks them, have the face to declare dead and buried.

A novelist like Lucien Fabre, author of "Rabevel," is a direct descendant of the realists. The same might be said of G. Chérau, and M. Genevoix. Lucien Fabre has recently submitted to a severe revision the theory of laughter as left standing in the celebrated essay by Bergson, and his book, "Le Rire et les Rieurs" (Gallimard), apart from the hundred anecdotes it contains, deserves serious consideration, even where it does not carry conviction.

Bergson's theory of laughter was directed against the mechanical portion of our mental activity, and laughing became, in our eyes, retaliation of the spontaneous upon the automatic. Lucien Fabre replaces the whole affair on a biological and "scientific" basis, and . . . well . . . he laughs best who laughs last. This is one of the numerous signs of a revival of realism.

Even in their heyday, science and scientific realism were silently undermined. Emile Boutroux, in his "Contingence des Lois de la Nature" (1874) had already demonstrated that the so-called Laws of Nature owe their apparent exactitude to the imprecision of our measurements. They explain only what has been arbitrarily isolated from the infinite complexity of life. He had made it clear that science can never yield the secret of things, but only supply a practical compromise, highly successful in its province, between the spirit and the world, intelligence and reality. Boutroux's book came as a revelation to professional philosophers, but was too densely packed to reach wider areas of culture. It dried up in the prevailing atmosphere of science.

The attack was renewed on another side by the dogmatic Brunetière, who, in the name of tradition and religion, taste and common sense, proclaimed at the same time the "bankruptcy" of science, and the inanity of realism in literature. But the same Brunetière, by a contradiction not infrequent among his kind, grounded upon a scientific theory his criticism of science, on an artificial basis his notion of reality, on a quibble his theory of literature. He transformed literary *genres* into organic species and made them develop on Darwinian lines as if they were animals or plants ("Evolution de la Critique," "Evolution de la Poésie Lyrique," etc.). Nothing remains of these verbal constructions. On his way to nowhere Brunetière made extremely useful and interesting discoveries. His conviction and eloquence are not forgotten. His theories are. Though, poor things, even *they* have left traces in our vocabulary. Do we not still speak of the "evolution," or "development," of the novel? (cf. Sir W. Raleigh.) Far more damaging were the onslaughts first of philosophy, and then of science itself, against the notion of a scientific reality.

But, bound as I am by considerations of space, I have to break this retrospect into limited sections, and one of them ends here. In order to comply at the same time with my reviewing obligations, I must manage to include, in each retrospective section, such recently published books as fall or can be made to fall within its scope.

"Le Crime d'Alexandre Lenoir," by Lucien Bopp (Gallimard), though published in 1929, is from certain angles an almost exact replica of Paul Bourget's "Disciple," published forty years before, in 1889. "Le Disciple" was one of the most striking episodes in the struggle between intellectual and intuitive reality.

As already mentioned, Paul Bourget had begun by professing the scientific faith. One of his first and most significant novels, "André Cornélis," was inscribed to Taine, and described by Bourget himself as "a plate of moral anatomy" . . . "a novel of analysis, constructed on the data supplied by the present state of psychology." The spirit of scientific research was hailed in the preface as the only possible redeemer in a world strewn with intellectual and moral wreckage.

But Bourget soon perceived (was it under Brunetière's influence?) the dangers to his ideal of a well-ordered social life issuing from the spirit of scientific research when carried too far in the present state of psychology. His hero, Greslou, disciple of a great philosopher, Adrien Sixte, who strongly resembled Taine, did not hesitate to make in "a spirit of scientific research" a most dangerous experiment of seduction on the girl he pretended to love and only too late actually did love. She discovered Greslou's infamous record of her moral dissection, and, ashamed beyond endurance by the thought of having been laid, alive and naked, on a table of mental surgery, instead of a nuptial bed, she poisoned herself. Greslou was prosecuted for murder. The book is his confession, written in his cell. He pleads guilty, though Adrien Sixte is the real culprit. Taine wrote to Bourget a severe letter, since republished in Taine's "Correspondance" with Bourget's full assent.

Now, Alexandre Lenoir is also a "disciple," but the disciple of these more recent philosophies entirely opposed to Taine's, which we shall examine from the point of view of literature. Lucien Bopp is, like Bourget, a philosopher, a novelist, and something of a scientist. The prevailing winds and currents of mental "science" have also swept through his mind.

Alexandre Lenoir is, like Greslou, an out-and-out gambler in ideas. He stakes his life, and that of others, on the results of a mental baccarat. Bergson, instead of Taine (but also Brunschwieg and Meyerson), should be involved if his case were really tried. Like Greslou he has killed. Like Greslou, Lenoir writes from his prison, and the book is his confession. He has fired on *les Camelots du Roi*, besieging Hôtel Crillon, and brought down one of the young patriots.

But, unlike Greslou, Lenoir has no faith, no cohesion, no unity. Under the name of Hasardisme he has made a system out of his own incertitude. He is a study in disconnection. He simply abandons himself to his "spontaneity" and "intuitivism." He also denies all reality that is more than a fluidity and all causalism that is less than a plexus of relations. If you read the book and are at all informed of current philosophies, the task of fathering Lenoir's vagaries should be an easy one.

As a symptom, Lucien Bopp's book is interesting, instructive, and really significant. As a novel it will have no great popularity. Taine protested against "Le Disciple." Neither Bergson (nor Brunschwieg or Meyerson) have yet raised their voice against "Le Crime d'Alexandre Lenoir."

Plenty of Margin. II

(*Continued from page 562*)

we've chosen on the assumption that they will wish to be informed on the work of their coevals, to know something of that of the authors who are of somewhat greater age, and to read something serious and something light. Here without further comment upon them are the titles: "The New American Caravan" (Macaulay), edited by Alfred Kreymborg, Lewis Mumford, and Paul Rosenfeld; "The New Arts" (Norton), edited by Philip N. Youtz; "July '14" (Putnam), by Emil Ludwig; "A Farewell to Arms" (Scribners), by Ernest Hemingway; "Thirty Tales and Sketches" (Viking), by R. B. Cunninghame-Graham; "Hans Frost" (Doubleday, Doran), by Hugh Walpole; "How Like a God" (Vanguard), by Rex Stout; "The Man Within" (Doubleday, Doran), by Graham Greene; "G. B." (Dodd, Mead), by W. F. Morris; "The White House Gang" (Revell), by Earl Looker; "Autobiography of America" (Boni), edited by Mark Van Doren; "The Thinking Machine" (University of Chicago Press), by C. Judson Herrick, and, by way of variety and because it is sure to entertain, "The Second *New Yorker Album*" (Doubleday, Doran).

Well, well, we came near forgetting your friend the engineer. Presumably he'd be interested in reading J. S. Haldane's "The Sciences and Philosophy" (Doubleday, Doran), Paul de Kruif's "Seven Iron Men" (Harcourt, Brace), or the life of Edison (Harpers), by Dyer, Martin, and Meadowcraft. Your engineer is of necessity a mathematician of a sort. You remember, don't you, that Izaak Walton said that "angling may be said to be so like the mathematics that it can never be fully learned"? He said, too, "Angling is something like poetry,—men are apt to be so." So it would seem that there is some connection between poetry and mathematics,—at least that they are both similar to the same thing. Well, anyway, Scott Buchanan has produced a stimulating little book entitled, "Poetry and Mathematics" (Day), and since your friend the engineer must know something of mathematics he ought also to have some interest for poetry. Our reasoning may be intricate and our conclusion far-fetched, but send him the book anyway. Oh, yes, and there's a handsome volume on "Bridges" (Rudge), by Charles H. Whitney, which he might also like to have.

And now, heaven be thanked, we've come to the last of our categories—the books for your friend who may be an invalid or a convalescent. We've selected for him a varied lot, since the sick relish change,—a little of science, something of fiction and poetry, a dash of biography. Here they are: "The Universe around Us" (Macmillan), by Sir James Jeans, a fascinating study from the astronomical angle; "Twelve against the Gods" (Simon & Schuster), a vivacious portrayal of a dozen of what Mr. Bolitho calls the great adventurers, a term elastic enough to include Mohammed and Woodrow Wilson; "The Psychology of Happiness" (Simon & Schuster), by Walter B. Pitkin; "Mrs. Eddy" (Scribners), by Edwin F. Dakin, an excellent and intensely interesting biography; "Bolivar" (Washburn), by Thomas Ybarra; "Francis Rabelais" (Harpers), by Albert Jay Nock and C. R. Wilson, which as well as a study of a man is the history of a period; "Animals Looking at You" (Viking), by Paul Eipper; "The Embezzlers" (Dial), by Valentine Kataev, a hilarious and delightful book with its scene laid in Russia; "The Love of the Beautiful Angel" (Cosmopolitan), by Paul Beauclerk, and by way of furnishing him first with a laugh and then with a thrill, Booth Tarkington's "Penrod Jashber" (Doubleday, Doran), and Frances Noyes Hart's "Hide in the Dark" (Doubleday, Doran). Heavens! we almost forgot that poetry we promised. It's eminently worth sending, too, for it's Robert Bridges's "The Testament of Beauty" (Oxford University Press), a work of really high power. At last! We are done. Not quite. We forgot to say that there's the Encyclopædia Britannica to give to your family.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

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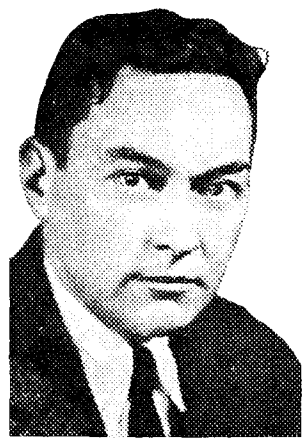

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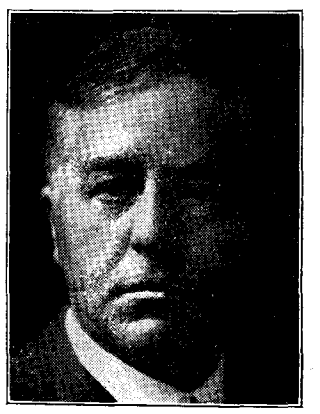

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Biography

STEPHEN HALES. By A. E. Clark-Kennedy, M. D. Cambridge University Press. (Macmillan). 1929.

Stephen Hales was an extraordinary product of his age. "A worthy and a good man," said Pope, his neighbor; but Hales was more than that. This country parson from the small village of Teddington, near London, made the second most important advancement in the modern science of physiology when he gave to the world the first correct account of blood pressure. Harvey had set an example of the scientific method of investigation by his demonstration of the circulation of the blood, published in 1628, and Hales, after a stimulating period of study at Benét College in Cambridge, where he entered as a student in 1696, used the same method, "the statical way," as he expressed it. In his yard, a mare was tied to a common field gate; a glass pipe was inserted into one of the leg arteries; the blood rose to nine feet. Hales did more, however, then measure the blood pressure; from the data collected, he calculated the output of the heart and the resistance of the peripheral circulation.

The above observations were only the beginning of Hales's scientific career. He added much to the knowledge of the time regarding the physiology of plants, the ventilation of ships and prisons, the preservation of meats, and he invented an artificial ventilator of considerable ingenuity. In the meantime he found time for his parish work at Teddington, wrote many tracts advocating the prohibition of gin, denounced quackery in medicine and served as a trustee of Oglethorpe's Colony of Georgia in America.

Clark-Kennedy, a fellow of Hales's old college in Cambridge (now Corpus Christi), has written a good account of the man's work, but little about the man. Perhaps there is not much to be found except the facts; still, one expects a better summary of a man's place in the world of science, one hundred and sixty-eight years after his death, than Clark-Kennedy has given us. As no one previously has collected so much data regarding this important figure, however, we must be satisfied with Clark-Kennedy's clear-cut, accurate presentation. Some day, we hope, the author will write a more critical estimate of Hales's scientific work and its influence on physiology in particular and medicine in general. It would form a splendid concluding chapter to a second edition of his book.

Fiction

MONEY FOR LOVE. By Josephine Herbst. Coward-McCann. 1929. $2.50.

The only notable thing about this novel is its apparently slavish imitation of Ernest Hemingway's manner. What is sauce for Mr. Hemingway is by no means sauce for Miss Herbst. She tries to make her narrative significant by telling it in a monotonous drone of understatement. Fearing the display of any emotion, on her part or on the part of her characters, she makes her novel so emotionless that it becomes false to human nature. Mr. Hemingway's still waters run deep; Miss Herbst's do not. "Money for Love" would probably have been a much better novel if it had been written five years ago, when understatement was not regarded as a virtue in itself.

The plot is practically imperceptible. Harriet Everist tries to get some money out of Rufus Jones, a dramatist who once had an affair with her. After considerable fumbling and shilly-shallying, she extracts a small part of the money she wanted, and with this takes her young man, Joseph Roberts, on a trip abroad. These characters are singularly colorless and quite uninteresting. There is, however, a graphic description (largely by implication) of New York rooming-house life among the semi-respectable, lower middle class of young people. This background is convincing, but it is of sociological rather than literary importance.

THE WHITE MOUSE. By Anice Terhune. Harpers. 1929. $2.

This is an emotional story, bordering on sentimentalism perhaps, moving swiftly along with its situations piled high—a contrived story, yet cleverly enough done to achieve its effect. There are peaks of suspense and satisfying, peaceful let-downs. More than that, there is sincere character drawing. The young man's affection for the little old people in the town where he lived as a child, and his unswerving loyalty to a scoundrel of a father, are never ridiculous. One believes as faithfully in the integrity of the two lovers living under the same roof, as their rooming-lady did. Their "goodness" is never prudish. For all its dramatic events, the story presents no false notes in the human relationships. There is a New England scene done with tang and beauty besides dialect and doughnuts, as clear-cut a picture of the good old days of buggies and general stores as has been done for some time.

The book was probably written for youthful readers. They are at any rate the ones who will enjoy it most. Yet the sinister title and the implications suggest a psychological study far deeper than the actual story—the white-skinned, pale-eyed woman, who gnaws and gnaws at the lives about her, and who little by little ruins them. In fact, throughout the book there are stories in the background that arouse our curiosity as in life—stories that Mrs. Terhune might do well to continue.

SOBER FEAST. By Barbara Blackburn. Little, Brown. 1929. $2.50.

For all its limitations as a novel, "Sober Feast" has a quality of candor about it that is curiously ingratiating. Structurally, though, it is so fragile as to be almost bodiless. We are introduced into the upper middle-class English domicile of the Howes family. The quasi-intellectuality of the household is reminiscent of Sanger's Circus. The Howes children, however, are of undisputed and undisputable legitimacy. Rollo, the son, aspiring to be a Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford, enters the second-hand automobile business. His sister Catherine serves a desultory clerkship in a London bookshop. Their father is a novelist who writes letters to *The Times Literary Supplement.* A neat contrast is established, and a moral deduced, by setting off Rollo's affair with Anne, the emancipated woman, against Catherine's ingenuous affection for the blunt Richard. The author's inference is that the younger generation is "sick for a faith" and, until it finds one, it will never know real marital felicity.

This timely moral fillip is gracefully, but we think not convincingly, delivered. Barbara Blackburn is a facile writer but, try as she may, she fails miserably at building character.

International

THE INDIA WE SERVED. By Sir Walter Roper Lawrence. Houghton Mifflin. 1929. $5.

In refreshing contrast to the sensational volumes which exploit only the darker and repellent aspects of Indian life and religions, is this straightforward, unprejudiced, and reliable account of the Indian experience of a member of the Indian Civil Service, who, after filling administrative posts for many years, became Private Secretary to Lord Curzon, while Viceroy, and a member of the Council of the Secretary of State for India.

Here in anecdote, narrative, and legend we see the real India, the land of mystery, romance, and absorbing interest opened to our vision by Kipling. Descriptions of the heaped jewels in the treasuries of the Indian Princes and of the practices of the Black Magicians are balanced by incidents of local administration and of the peculiarities of the peasantry. While there is never any striving after literary effect, a definite charm of style pervades the whole. Among the best bits are the character sketches of Indians of all ranks, from princes to fakirs, and of members of the British administration, including Lord Curzon and Lord Kitchener.

The chapter on Indian religions is especially instructive, as it enumerates some of the good results of Hinduism, though in many other places the evils of the rule of the Brahman and of the manifold superstitions of the different sects are portrayed.

The concluding chapters merit special attention, as they contain recommendations, some of which are unusual, for the future government of the country, and point out clearly the difficulties which will be encountered in the contemplated alterations of the political organization of the British provinces.

Where hurried travellers see only debasement, filth, poverty, and misery, this keen observer with twenty-one years of intimate experience writes "the outer and visible signs of life, at any rate of life in the villages, did not suggest that the peculiar customs of India led to bad results. In the villages there was everywhere evidence of industry, frugality, kindness to children and tenderness to old age. Healthy, happy-looking children; fine, strenuous men, and graceful stalwart women did not suggest, at any rate in Northern India, that there was much amiss."

Juvenile

(*The Children's Bookshop appears on page 574*)

Poetry

COME CHRISTMAS, A Selection of Christmas Poetry, Song, Drama and Prose, edited by Lesley Frost. Coward-McCann. 1929.

Every Christmas brings a new anthology—and will probably continue to do so, for the wealth of carols, of Christmas poems, stories, and legends seems inexhaustible. Miss Frost prints some old favorites but gives much more that is unfamiliar to the reader who has not browsed about in Christmas literature. There is much excellent reading here put in convenient and attractive form. In the section "Carols with Music," the editor follows too closely the "Oxford Book of Carols." It is, to be sure, the best modern carol collection yet it omits many fine Christmas songs which Miss Frost might have gleaned. She is to be commended for the early English carols she prints and for her very interesting selections from the French.

POPULAR POETRY IN SOVIET RUSSIA. By *George Z. Patrick.* University of California Press.

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GOOD BOOKS

Round About Parnassus

By William Rose Benét

THOUGH these volumes will receive individual reviews elsewhere in this periodical, it is safe to say that three of the best recent books of poetry are Lola Ridge's "Firehead," Robinson Jeffers's "Dear Judas," and "The Testament of Beauty," by the Poet Laureate of England, Robert Bridges. They all have scope and depth. In a fourth book, "Selected Poems," by Conrad Aiken, is gathered the best work of an American writer who has not inconsiderably achieved both in poetry and in prose. His novel and his volumes of short stories, which have appeared in the last several years, constitute a most interesting addition to eight separately issued volumes of poetry, the first being published in 1914. Aiken has also proved a salient critic of contemporary poetry in his "Scepticisms" (1919), has edited an anthology or two, and has made an excellent selection of the poems of Emily Dickinson. He has now but just turned forty, and we may hope (despite the definitive look of the present volume) that much future poetry will still come from his pen. As it is, these selected poems form a large book. He tells us in his preface that nothing is included from his first book and only four poems from his second and fourth. "The Jig of Forslin" and "The Pilgrimage of Festus," two of the longest poems that appear here, he characterizes (from former prefaces) as, touching the first, "a symphony, or pseudo-symphony, based on the idea of vicarious experience, and the part played by the phenomenon in the nature of civilized consciousness," and as, touching the second, "a poetic essay in epistemology, or the problem of knowledge; its hero is anybody or nobody; in short, the poem is a philosophical allegory."

And what do we ourselves most definitely feel concerning the poetry of Conrad Aiken, now that all the best he has written is before us? That which we prefer of his we can readily name. Of all his longer poems, and they are many, and wide in the range of their orchestration, we find the firmer outlines and the phantasmagoric grotesquerie of "Punch: The Immortal Liar," mixed as it is with much beauty of description, most to our own taste. There are also perhaps a half dozen lyrics of Aiken's that we have found exquisite, and several of his later and shorter blank-verse poems that we have found most impressive. He has always controlled a haunting music, but the phrasing of his improvisations and philosophical speculations has often left only a nostalgic murmuring in our mind. As he states at the beginning of "Evensong," he has too often for our own taste proceeded upon the principle

This song is of no importance,
I will only improvise;
Yet, maybe, here and there,
Suddenly from these sounds a chord will start
And piercingly touch my heart.

His progress has, however, been steadily in the direction of stronger construction, more definite outline, greater vividness. Embedded, indeed, in the earlier, more trance-like moods of his poems there were always dramatic passages and passages of deeply trenched description; for, to be sure, he began his poetic career with a book of stark narratives; and then, almost overnight, withdrew himself into dreams, all with their bearing upon the perplexity of modern life and love, but often remote in atmosphere and intensely subjective. The ironist sought the drug of music, preoccupation with the savage street warred with a desire for the candled organ-loft at midnight. In "Forslin" he found many people in his soul, he became many fate- and fury-driven individuals; he gazed, as into a crystal, into his multiplex spirit as he conceived it. "The shapes came eddying forth." Incidentally, he achieved strangely beautiful passages. For instance,

One ran into the pinewood, calling me after
With a wave of her hand;
One, with a soft hypocritical laughter,
Slid through the lips of the sand.
One ran lightly up silver ladders of rain;
I never saw her again.

Fall, rhythms! Die, music! For always, in moonlight,
Soon as I start to praise, and she to love,
The moonlight is shattered, the petals are blown away.
Darkness whistles between us, the music shudders,
The enchantment passes, the audience rises,
The curtain falls, the musicians cease to play. . . .

We have spoken, however, as though there was less contact with human concerns in Conrad Aiken's earlier books of poetry than there actually is. It is a fact that situation after situation, held in solution as it were, by the sighing of his rhythms, unfolds dark blooms of human stories; and there are many stories. But "We are like searchers in a house of darkness," he avers

A house of dust; we creep with little lanterns,
Throwing our tremulous arcs of light at random,
Now here, now there, seeing a plane, an angle,
An edge, a curve, a wall, a broken stairway
Leading to who knows what; but never seeing
The whole at once. . . .

Aiken can command traditional rhyme and metre with great ease and smoothness as well as free verse. He has experimented with a variety of forms. The late Amy Lowell was at her best in free verse. In rhyme and metre she was never at her most truly fluent. But in either medium Conrad Aiken harmonizes with fluency. This is not to say that he often displays Miss Lowell's technical brilliance. But his poetry is in another category.

For some of his best lyrical poems we must turn to "Priapus and the Pool," though several of the "Discordants" that begin the book have already had their deserved praise. In the numbered sections of "Priapus," following the introductory cadences, numbers I, II, III, IV, VIII, XVI are all unusually beautiful. We have space here to quote merely the smallest and in some ways the slightest of these; yet it illustrates the precision of which Aiken is capable, and it is a love statement of which a Campion might well be proud:

When trout swim down Great Ormond Street,
And sea-gulls cry above them lightly,
And hawthorns heave cold flagstones up
To blossom whitely,

Against old walls of houses there,
Gustily shaking out in moonlight
Their country sweetness on sweet air;
And in the sunlight,

By the green margin of that water,
Children dip white feet and shout,
Casting nets in the braided water
To catch the trout;

Then I shall hold my breath and die,
Swearing I never loved you; no,
"You were not lovely!" I shall cry,
"I never loved you so."

"Thalia, or A Country Day: A Masque," by John Finley, Jr., was brought out by the Houghton Mifflin Company last Spring. It involves a meeting of small animals in the Spring for the purpose of holding a yearly celebration. It employs not only the language of seventeenth century poetry, but its very devices. It is an extraordinary throwback. Its lyrical movements have a certain beauty, and the whole poem has a certain relish of antiquity, though it is but a pale reflection of originals and breathes of the library. For the sharpest of contrasts one turns to two recent books from The Black Sun Press, Rue Cardinale, Paris. They are "Secession in Astropolis," by Eugene Jolas, and "Transit of Venus," by Harry Crosby. Mr. Jolas is certainly modern if anyone is! His flights into geography and Elysian invention, not forgetting Manhattan, jazz, electric signs, and "the step of the women . . . delirious on the asphalt," are giddy and rhapsodic with many strange combinations of words. In fact, in the midst of his book, in "Faula and Flona," he goes entirely Jabberwocky, though Lewis Carroll still shows him a clean pair of heels. Mr. Crosby's small poems revel in the disconnected. They are trifles, but the carving of cherry-stones demands more intricate labor than this poet is evidently willing to offer. Recommended:

THE TESTAMENT OF BEAUTY. By Robert Bridges. Oxford University Press. 1929.

LEAVES OF WILD GRAPE. By Helen Hoyt. Harcourt, Brace. 1929.

FOOL'S ERRAND. By Alexander Laing. Doubleday, Doran. 1928.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

M. A., Santa Fé, New Mexico, asks for information in books or magazine articles, concerning the part taken by the "lyceum" and the Chautauqua, especially the former, in the cultural development of a young and growing America.

WITH two books one could get a pretty good idea of the lyceum and its place in our spiritual background. One, however, is accessible only in typescript: "The Development of the American Lyceum, with special reference to the mission of the local associations in New England," a dissertation offered by Katherine H. Porter for the degree of Master of Arts at the University of Chicago in 1914. There must be other copies besides the one I read. Its feature is the fashion in which its plentiful information is correlated with the intellectual life and physical conditions of the period. The public lecture, as it developed in early nineteenth century America, "may be not unhappily likened to the essay of the eighteenth century in England" as a medium for the imprinting of individual thought and opinion on the public mind. "Both enables men to apply the unrestrained expression of their thoughts to the immediate and passing needs of life. . . . Both aimed to effect reform by awakening public sentiment," the difference in needs being as great as that in forms of expression. The platform lecture in the United States was raised up to meet the discussion of education, temperance, and slavery.

By 1869 this immediate need was past, and when the first lyceum bureau and general headquarters was organized by Ridpath at the close of the Civil War, the old order had changed. "The Life of James Ridpath and the Development of the Modern Lyceum," by Charles F. Horner (Barse & Hopkins) takes up the story at this point in its eighth chapter. By this time Emerson had risen from a fee of five dollars for a lecture (provided the committee also gave him three quarts of oats for his horse) and was getting as much as $500, though the financial topliner was Beecher, at a thousand dollars a performance. Butler, Banks, "the immortal Julia Ward Howe," Lew Wallace, T. W. Higginson, Charlotte Cushman, Edward Everett Hale, Theodore Tilton, were among the stars, though there were exotics like Du Chaillu or the nineteenth wife of Brigham Young, and humorists were greatly in demand, not only Mark Twain, but Henry W. Shaw, "Josh Billings," who must have had some trouble in getting over the footlights a type of humor that depended to such a degree upon bad spelling. But the "Queen of the Lyceum" was Anna Dickinson, of whom it was said that she was "not afraid to say shirt or legs and everyone feels as if they were sitting in the presence of a very chaste and pure-minded woman." Quite like the Greek Slave, she must have been, in her effect upon the public mind.

In like manner there are two books about the Chautauqua, "The Story of Chautauqua," by J. L. Hurlburt (Putnam), and "Fifty Years of Chautauqua," by Hugh Orchard (Torch Press). This press is in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, from whose hospitable public library I sent out a recent Guide, being at the time on a lecture tour of the Middle West—which may explain to recent correspondents several unexpected postmarks. Miss Porter's book has a long list of references, and several are names in Mr. Horner's. There is illustrative material in biographies of the period, as so many of its celebrities had experiences on the road; these include William A. Linn's "Horace Greeley" (Appleton) and Honoré Willsie Morrow's "The Father of Little Women" (Little, Brown). Major Pond wrote on "The Lyceum" in the Cosmopolitan, 1896. The *Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society* has a thirteen page article on "Rock Creek Lyceum" in the volume April-July, 1926, published at Springfield, Illinois. If the contemporary development is also to be studied, John Noffsinger's "Correspondence Schools, Lyceums, Chautauquas," is one of the volumes of a general survey of adult education, published by Macmillan and these are also treated in Dorothy Canfield's "Why Stop Learning?" (Harcourt, Brace).

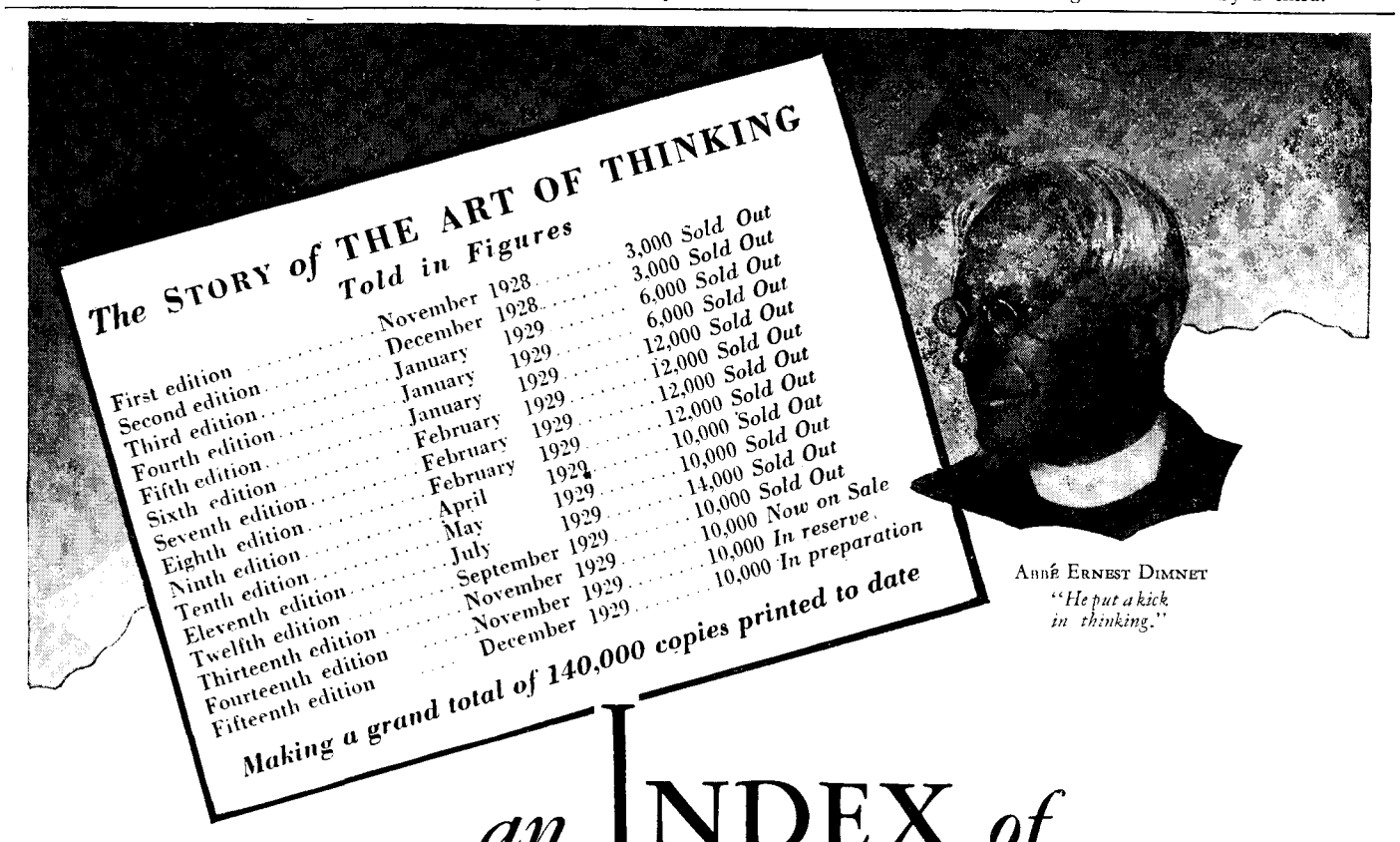
The initials quoted above stand for the name of Mary Austin. This author has deserved well of American readers, and I hope that some of those who read this column may have access to more material on this subject and will tell me about it.

A. E. H., Chicago, Ill., has "recently acquired a bit of orchard and meadow in the deep country," and "wonders about keeping a bee and other rural pursuits. Are there any good books on the old-fashioned farm occupations—, making cider, brewing mead, putting up fruits, herbs, and simples?"

I THINK I will reply on a larger scale than the modest tone of this request might seem to call for: I have been too often invited to visit someone's shack or hovel in the country and found there something my humble New England mind took for a reconstruction of Hampton Court Palace. That bee, now: "Productive Bee-keeping," by F. C. Pellett (Lippincott), is a safe choice: it covers all phases of this enterprise and does not leave out its nature-study aspects. The cyclopedia of the subject, I suppose, is Root's "A B C and X Y Z of Bee Culture" (Root): at least, that is the book recommended to me as standard and stand-by, by the amateur hive-keeper I consulted. I myself know little about bees; last Saturday I came upon one in the middle of Morningside Drive, stiff and stark with the cold, and brought him home to thaw out. I brought him in my hand, and he came to almost at once and bit me, so I took him the rest of the way in a bit of paper; then we put him on the radiator and he turned out to be a wasp. We named him Willie to encourage him, and he was quite chummy for a while and ate sugar, but the next morning he had resumed his interrupted voyage to oblivion. So I could not pursue my study of bees, and can only trust the favorable London reviews for my conclusion that "Practical Bee Breeding," by A. Gilman, lately published here by Putnam, is the most important of the new bee-books. It concerns a new method of queen introduction, and is meant for those who rear queens for sale rather than for those engaging in the business of honey-making.

There are several admirable sets or series of farm manuals covering the various activities of rural life: "Lippincott's Farm Manuals;" "Rural Manuals" (Macmillan), "Rural Science Series" (Macmillan), "Poultry Science Series" (Wiley), "Amateur's Book of the Garden Series" (Doubleday), "Country Life Education Series" (Ginn), "Harper's Handbooks" (Harper), and the "Farm and Garden Library" (Orange Judd). From the catalogue lists of these the student may select in safety manuals for his particular branch. In the past few months there have been several interesting additions to the literature of farm-life, beginning with a book intended for the city man who wants to know about the present state of farming; this is "These Changing Times," by Edward R. Eastman, editor of the *American Agriculturalist* (Macmillan), with a preface by L. H. Bailey. Mr. Bailey's own latest contribution to this library is a series of essays with letters from contented farmers, "The Harvest of the Year to the Tiller of the Soil" (Macmillan), by one with an unshaken faith in the farmer's future. "Time and Change," by William Everett Cram (Marshall Jones), is a volume of essays arising from a New Hampshire farm life, tranquil and happy in tone. "The Stump Farm," by Hilda Rose (Little, Brown), should be in every farmer's library, or in that of anyone who finds inspiration in stories of noble and heroic struggle, kept up with unflagging spirit. This story is in the Northwest, though they pull up stakes there and take a claim in Alberta. "The Farmer's Standard of Living," by E. L. Kirkpatrick (Century), gives facts and figures from all over the country. "What the Farmer Needs," by Isaac Lippincott (Appleton), is not so much information on marketing as the application of business management methods to production, so that costs may be reduced and consumption augmented.

E. D. S., Boston, Mass., tells me to add to the list of books for a seven year old child beginning French, "Que Fait Gaston?" by Perley (Ginn), saying that one of the teachers of the lower school of Beaver County Day School told her that there is nothing quite like it. I have since read the book, and heartily agree. It is the tale of the everyday adventures of a mischievous and attractive school-boy; the sentences have just that quality of unexpectedness that makes them instantly taken in and long remembered by a child.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OTHER LEADING educators, including President JOHN GRIER HIBBEN of *Princeton* and President NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER of *Columbia*, urged readers at once to buy *The Art of Thinking*, echoing Professor Dewey's unqualified endorsement. Reviewers all over the country discovered in the book an adventure for the mind and nation-wide criticism became nation-wide acclaim. The book of the hour became the book of the year. Educators and men of letters hoped (but dared not prophesy) that *The Art of Thinking* would be enjoyed by those nineteen out of twenty men and women who needed just this wise and mellow introduction to the joys of real thinking.

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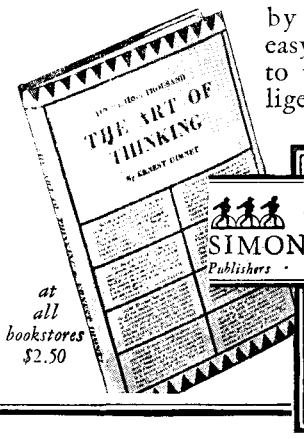

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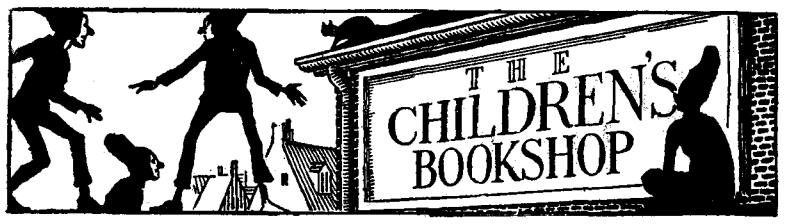

Conducted by MARION PONSONBY

On Reading Aloud

By MARION C. DODD

READING aloud to younger children is a happily accepted custom; no one questions either the enjoyment or the advantages for both partners of the team. But except in an occasional family where there happens to be the tradition or the special taste for it, we hear very little of reading aloud to older children—say from ten to fourteen or thereabouts. Are there good reasons for this? Or is it merely a slackening of conscious effort on the part of the parents, and a re-absorption of time for their own purposes as the more obvious demands for its expenditure upon younger children are withdrawn?

Both are probably true. The second needs no comment—it is merely human nature in operation. But sometimes human nature does take steps which may be redirected with advantage. As to the good reasons in question, they bear analysis. The most prominent (is it indeed perhaps the only one?) is the feeling that continued reading aloud after children are able to read to themselves will check their progress. It is true that as soon as they have passed the stage where their own reading is slow and a little difficult, they should begin naturally to spend more time with books in their own hands. To read aloud to them, then, to such an extent that all their interests would be fully satisfied and their practice curtailed would indeed be a mistake, but this is not likely to happen because of the pleasure which a child gets out of the performance of any action by himself and for himself,—which condition is completely fulfilled by his act of silent reading. Also, any such possible danger may be avoided by remembering the fact that the child's interest and intellectual development often run a little ahead of his ability to read the language that usually goes with corresponding material. His own reading can cover only what lies within the scope of his ability; so what is read aloud to him may be selected with the idea of grading it to a more difficult scale, and will thus not overlap or take the place of the different and simpler range of material to which he will have independent access. Each will have its own interest and value for him.

If, then, parents may continue to read aloud to children without any serious disadvantages to be considered, what on the other hand are the possibilities for good? We all have an ideal of maintaining a wide range of communication with our children upon every sort of topic, not only with the idea either of pleasure or of education, but for the sake also of developing sympathetic common interests. But life is full and busy, and accidentally or by default many channels of communication may never be opened. A steady habit of reading aloud, browsing among the world's good books, will bring up topics to be discussed, mistaken ideas to be corrected, suggestions to be fostered, to the most surprising extent. The fathers and mothers who may occasionally be heard regretting that they seem to have insufficient topics of common interest as a basis for lively conversations with Johnny and Mary are passing over a fertile source of the wished-for give-and-take of intercourse, if they have never read aloud. This joining in a common mental occupation and the resultant spontaneous talk upon whatever proves to be of interest or value I should place at the head of the list in counting advantages. Moreover, juvenile ideas may be highly diverting at times, but they may also be most suggestive and stimulating; for children have a way of seeing things in a straightforward and unadorned fashion whereas the grown-up has often allowed habits of rationalizing or conventionalizing to cloud his mental processes. The enlarging of horizons will be found not always to lie all upon one side.

Ordinary reading for mutual pleasure and imaginative stimulus does not, however, cover the whole possible scope. Another advantage in reading aloud to older children is the opportunity to enrich their school curriculum. Not every text-book is as stimulating as it should be, and even if it were there is an enormous amount of possible collateral reading open to any eager student which no school child would be expected to cover in routine time, even if the average teacher were sufficiently enterprising to suggest it. But reading aloud with parents falls not into the routine but into the recreation category, and so wears seven-leagued boots. Many a name in history or geography instead of remaining merely a name—or not remaining at all in any sort of pigeon-hole—will become a living personality set in its proper period, or a familiar, vivid spot on the globe, if biography or good historical fiction, or travel books are read into the record. It is a platitude to add that this type of reading is thoroughly enjoyable on its own merits. Again, in addition to this enlarging of the immediate school horizon, rewarding as that is in itself, another feature may be developed. The reading may later take on what might almost be called a vocational or avocational aspect, in the simplest significance of that word and divesting it of any pseudo-scientific or over-serious context. Parents, that is, would often like to direct children into more complete knowledge of phases of life activities which later on may attract them, or away from other phases which are perhaps already making a mistaken appeal. No wise parent wishes to force a child toward or away from any life occupation, but wide and well chosen information is part of fair play and sensible selection. And school years are not too early for a modicum of preliminary thinking on this subject. Any expert in the so-called vocational guidance which is one of our most active modern developments will bear witness to the unhappy maladjustments and the wasted time and efforts that are daily uncovered as a result of uninformed and unsuitable selection of occupations, and will express a belief that much earlier information upon the general subject should be encouraged. If this idea is extended to include the merely avocational as well, the connection with general reading is still clearer. The special advantage of carrying on even a little of this particular type of reading aloud is that parents and children may together reach some sympathetic (although of course immature) conclusions upon a topic later on to be of vital interest to both.

Obviously we have touched again this point of sympathetic converse. It recurs, indeed, in every phase of any analysis of this subject. No matter what the type of reading under consideration or the immediate end in view, this aspect makes itself felt with and through every other. A deepening and widening of the range of communication between generations is of inestimable value, and since in reading aloud such a process will be accomplished almost automatically, it will be no mistake to leave this as the outstanding point to be stressed in this brief consideration.

Reviews

NIX-NOUGHT-NOTHING. By NAOMI MITCHISON. Illustrated by WINIFRED BROMHALL. Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1929. $2.

LITTLE PLAYS FOR LITTLE PEOPLE. Compiled and edited by A. P. SANFORD and ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER. Dodd, Mead and Company. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by JANE DRANSFIELD

THE very titles of Mrs. Mitchison's four plays for children are enticing—"Nix-Nought-Nothing," "Hobyah! Hobyah!," "My Ain Sel'," and "Elfen Hill." And the plays are charming. Light as thistledown they trip from prose to verse, burdened with no propaganda but fantasy and fun. Real little girls and boys get all mixed up with terrible witches and ogres, and little barking dogs are bewitched into losing their legs and heads only to come running back again quite sound and saucy to bark again. The stories of the plays, as the author states in her Foreword, are mostly based on Joseph Jacob's books of Fairy Tales, "which I had read aloud to me twenty years ago, have been reading aloud myself for the last five, and which I used to read to myself in the interval." Written for her own children to act at home, these fairy tale plays are now offered to all other little children to act in their homes, with description of the simple settings they require. (One such item would prove the author at least not American, "the straw packings of wine bottles," for Mrs. Mitchison is English with a play written when she was sixteen and performed at Oxford to her credit). There are also delightful illustrations by Winifred Bromhall to give suggestions for costumes and characterization. "Hobyah! Hobyah!" will probably act the easiest. The Lowlands dialect in "My Ain Sel' " will doubtless put it out of the running for production, but this play is very lovely. Children who instinctively have a taste for good literature will love these plays, not only to act, but to read, or to listen to when read aloud.

To turn from Naomi Mitchison's book to "Little Plays For Little People" is to leave the illuminative realm of poetry and magic for a world with a capitalized Purpose. Here Mr. Sanford and Mr. Schauffler have gathered together twenty-eight plays, grouping them under the occasions for which they were written, or are suitable—Lincoln's Birthday, Safety Week, Children's Health Week, Christmas, Music Week, and so on. School and groups therefore desiring to give a play on such occasions will find this collection helpful. It should be stated, however, that very few of these little plays have any intrinsic or permanent value. They provide opportunity for children to act along propagandist or commemorative lines, but little more. The Christmas group is the best, with Percival Wilde's "Toy Shop," "The Littlest Shepherd" by Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements, and a dramatization by Sally Knox Boon of Tolstoy's "Where Love Is God Is." "Story Terrace" by Frances Elizabeth Atchinson, is delightful, and by no means needs to be confined to Children's Book Week, although written for that occasion. Many of the plays included are offered for production without royalty. Almost all of the plays have been produced, some of them many times, proving the wide demand there is today among educators for plays suitable for production by children. That this demand should be discriminating rather than merely widespread would, however, be of more value to the child. Mrs. Mitchison's plays, for example, serve no serious minded purpose, but like the work of A. A. Milne they do release the imagination, and moreover give some hint of the rhythmic beauty of the English language, two things which most of the plays written for children precisely do not accomplish.

NUMBER SEVEN JOY STREET. By COMPTON MACKENZIE, LAURENCE HOUSMAN, LORD DUNSANY, ELEANOR FARJEON, V. CARRICK, MABEL MARLOWE, ALGERNON BLACKWOOD, ROY MELDRUM, MARIAN ALLEN, IAN MACNAIR, THE NIGHTINGALES, FLORA FORSTER. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1929. $2.50.

THE CHARM STRING. By ALBION FELLOWS BACON. Illustrated by BILLIE CHAPMAN. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 1929. $2.

TAL. His Marvelous Adventures with Noom Zor Noom. By PAUL FENIMORE COOPER. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1929. $2.50.

THE FAT CAMEL OF BAGDAD. By K. O. S. (Baroness Dombrowski). New York: The Macmillan Co. 1929. $2.

THE STORY OF PIERRE PONS. By FRANCIS DE MIOMANDRE. Translated by EDWIN GILE RICH. Illustrations by P. GUIGNEBAULT. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1929.

THE GOLDEN GOAT. By HELEN HILL and VIOLET MAXWELL. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1929. $2.

ALL ABOUT PETS. By MARGERY BIANCO. Decorations by GRACE GILKISON. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by ELIZABETH WOODBRIDGE

THE educators will get us if we don't watch out! I have been nervous about them for a long while, but last week I became positively jumpy, when I read that now famous report about Teachers College and children's books. The report is now contradicted. The college has, after all, not blacklisted fairies or talking animals. It does not necessarily prefer the tale about how cotton turned into pyjamas to the tale about how the prince turned into a frog. Good! But I have not yet recovered my tone, and I find myself scrutinizing the crop of children's books with one eye on the dietitians. I am so afraid I may be caught liking something that is educationally unsound or unwholesome. Yet there

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by JOHN LORD

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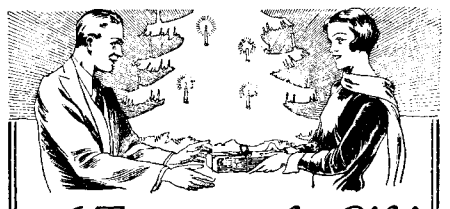

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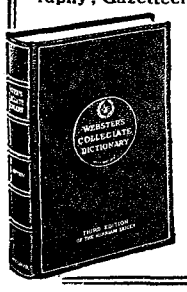

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are some that I do like very much, though perhaps none that I would go to war about.

I like the new "Joy Street" volume (Number 7 it is) I don't think it is quite as good as some of the earlier numbers on that street, but it is good. I found a young college man chuckling over one of the stories in it: "The Fairy Cottonwoolena," by Laurence Housman. And when a young man chuckles over a fairy story, it shows, I fancy, that there's nothing wrong with him or with the story.

The "Charm String" is a collection of very slight, very simple stories, such as any imaginative child loves to make up. Most of them were indeed made up by children, and written down long after, and they have the naïve folk-atmosphere, in which marvels and everyday facts live happily together. It is a book for young children to read by themselves, and it may well set them spinning more tales in their own heads.

"Tal," on the other hand, is an elaborately wrought wonder tale—almost too elaborate. I doubt if a child young enough to enjoy it would be old enough to read it to himself. I should read it aloud to him,—and skim a little. But Tal is a likable little boy, cheerful and game, and loyal to the nice old gentleman wizard who leads him on through one terrific scrape after another. Their talking donkey, too, is entertaining, though only an echo of his great prototype, Eeyore.

"The Fat Camel of Bagdad" is one of the Baroness Dombrowski's humorous eastern stories. A boy of twelve will enjoy the more-than-oriental-splendor of its language, and will love to learn by heart its resounding phrases.

But for foreign flavor, go to "The Story of Pierre Pons," the grand little French soldier doll—truly a first-rate little fellow, worth anybody's acquaintance. I hope some American children will like him, getting all the while a whiff of strangeness—France itself—delightful, delicately exciting, as a strange scent is to a dog.

Perhaps the most charming little book I have met this year is "The Golden Goat." It is, to be sure, a fairy story,—for educators will tell us there never was a golden goat,—but he is legendary in old Provence, so perhaps some scholar will write a Ph.D. thesis about him some day. Meanwhile, any girl of ten or twelve, or even fourteen, will enjoy the companionship and the adventure of little Mietto, the sunny-hearted daughter of a gloomy Provençal duke and duchess who went out to seek the golden goat. She lived and worked with the shepherds and the peasants, she met troubadours and jongleurs, and at last she came to Aix and to the palace of the good King Réné himself. She wove tapestries, and danced, and learned the quaint old legends of Provence. She saw a tournament and crowned its hero, and went to the great festival of Saint Martha at Tarascon. And at last—at last—she saw the golden goat, and saved her native town.

These are all fairy stories, and I dare say, if an educator called, I might be weak enough to slip them all under a big book on aviation, or on "The Wonders of Cotton." But one book I could leave conspicuous on my table. "All About Pets" will suit the most scientific supervisor of youth; which is not meant to be so damning as it sounds. For it is a good little book, and belongs in all families where pets happen. Only it should be bound with blank pages, for the scribbling of additional notes and reminiscences. I read the chapter on cats to a roomful of people, plus one small yellow kitten, and could hardly finish because of the flood of comment it elicited. We voted that a real person wrote that book and one who knew what she was talking about. "All about Pets" is not as encyclopædic as its title suggests, but it will stand the challenge of Audrey: "Is it honest in word and deed? Is it a *true* thing?" And that, after all, properly understood, is not a bad slogan.

Last October the first model playground in Turkey was officially opened at Angora as one of the features of the anniversary of the declaration of the republic. Trained supervision by American playground instructors enlivened interest in the event, and the park, although in an unfinished state, drew as many as 452 children at a time on an average pleasant afternoon last Fall.

Idealism for Children

By BERTRAND RUSSELL

We print below the statement, which reached us only this week, by Bertrand Russell designed by him for the symposium on children's reading published in our special Children's Number.

SHOULD the tone of children's books be entirely idealistic?

The answer to this question turns on the meaning to be given to the term "idealistic." According to the most usual meanings of the word, I should say most emphatically NO! As a rule, "idealism" means concealing or ignoring ugly facts. I should not bring children up to know nothing of war or cruelty or meanness or treachery or injustice. Such things occur in the actual world, for which the child has to be prepared. If he knows nothing of them in youth, he will, when he comes across them, meet them first with exaggerated horror, then with cynical disillusionment. It is easy, for example, to give children a romantic picture of the Aztecs or of Cortes, but I should explain from the first that the Mexicans ate people and the Spaniards were cruel traitors. Children should be made robust, and much modern education fails in this respect. Miss Mead, in "Coming of Age in Samoa," says it is good for children to see the Cæsarian operation performed on corpses; without going that length, I think there is much that is sound in the point of view.

But if "idealism" means, as it should, not a falsification of facts, but a sound sense of values, then children's books, and those by adults also, should be idealistic. In this sense, fairy tales fail where girls are concerned. They all make it appear that if you merely sit still and comb your hair you will marry a prince. This fails of truth—since the supply of princes now-a-days is limited—and also of right values, since it ignores work and admires wealth. Equally obnoxious are books praising the type of man to whom equestrian statues are put up. The element of adventure that every boy craves should come from stories of explorers and other books of a similar type.

In a word, children's books, like all books, should combine faithfulness to fact with a proper reaction to fact: neither slavish acquiescence nor blind rebellion, but critical appraisal. There should be nothing peculiar about children's books except intelligibility—and even that is no great loss even in a book for adults.

THE STORY OF WATER SUPPLY. By HOPE HOLWAY. Harpers. 1929. $1.25.

YOU are pretty sure to enjoy Miss Holway's delightful story whether or no you are a child in the strictest sense of the word. Elmer Hader's charming illustrations add much to the attractive little volume which will tell both grown-ups and children much more about the process of securing a drink of water than they had ever known before.

"From Rainfall to the Faucet" might well have been the title—and yet, after all, that would not have been sufficiently comprehensive to cover the picture of the life of the ancients before there was a home faucet. At least one grown-up discovered that the early Greeks were taking weather observations in the fifth century B.C. as a matter of record because of the very human failing of forgetting what sort of a day it was last Wednesday. While such dry—in a manner of speaking—topics as evaporation, transpiration, and percolation are duly taken up in words easy to read, the jolly, informative style of the books is so simple and direct that one rushes along, in print that is also easy to read, to the final consideration of modern filtration plants without finding any uninteresting spot to stop and go to bed.

Quite gravely the author points out that while nowadays the statistics which show the prevalence of cholera and typhoid are studied by engineers, in the time of Vitruvius, who wrote about two thousand years ago of his tests for pure water, things were different: "If it be an open or running stream, the shape of the limbs of the inhabitants of the neighborhood should be looked to and considered. If they are strongly formed, of fresh color, with sound legs and without blear eyes, the supply is of good quality." Despite the author's warning that this test is dated, one finds himself looking over the neighbors a bit.

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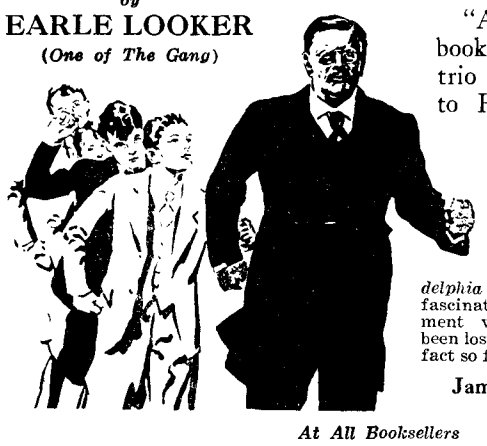

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From the Irish Free State

THERE has recently been brought to my attention some very finely designed metal currency of the Irish Free State. These coins are so different from the usual tepid issues of almost all mints that they demand attention—and repay it. I have seen seven pieces—the half-penny, penny, three- and six-penny, shilling, florin, and half-crown. As is usual in British coinage, the first two are copper; the last three are silver, while the three- and six-penny pieces are apparently nickel. All the pieces are perfectly round (one of the causes of the difficulty of designing coins of interest to-day), and the silver coins have milled edges.

The designs are striking. In each case the obverse bears the name of the Irish Free State in Gaelic, the date, and a decorative, somewhat conventionalized, Irish harp. The harp is at least as decorative as most of the crowned heads of Europe. The reverse of each coin contains the denomination, in numerals and in Gaelic characters, and a distinctive emblem. These emblems, the outstanding feature of the new coinage, are for the different pieces, a sow and shotes, a hen and chickens, a rabbit, a hound, a bull, a salmon, and a race-horse. All are drawn with much spirit; the salmon on the florin is especially good.

In each case the drawing is well proportioned in its parts—and makes interesting comparison with some American coins, as for instance the "buffalo" nickel, where the animal has hard work to crowd his bulk into the circle formed by the edge of the coin! In these Irish coins, the scale of the animals is considerably smaller, the details are subdued, and no attempt made to crowd the area of the piece with decoration. The result is a feeling of simplicity and even barrenness. The Gaelic letters are handled in a free and attractive way. The harp doesn't seem quite so good as the other elements. Possibly this is due to the fact that the designer is, after all, only an Englishman; but the Irish Free State (less timorous than our own mint, which refused to allow Mr. Victor Brenner, designer of our best coin, the Lincoln cent, to put his initials on his design) has permitted Mr. Percy Metcalfe to sign his work.

The exigencies of modern banking do not permit of the high relief and pleasant irregularities of the antique coinage, but within the limitations imposed, the designer of these Irish Free State coins has achieved a considerable degree of success and has produced a series of coins which will even be of interest to those who do not use them.

R.

The Bridge

THE worst result of the collapse of the Bridge of San Luis Rey was the printing in the first edition of the story by Thornton Wilder. In a frantic endeavor to make a modern classic look like every other novel, the book was bulked until it almost lost resemblance to a book. If the book had been a worst seller, little harm would have been done, but the offense was repeated too many times.

Recently, however, the offense of the first printing has been satisfactorily and nobly atoned for by the publication of two new editions—one here and one in England—which offer to those interested in possessing this extraordinary tale in suitable form, a choice of wares, and, incidentally, an opportunity to compare two quite different ways of illustrating the same story. In everything the two new editions differ from each other, yet each has obvious merits.

The English edition, issued by Longmans, Green & Co., is a modest, well-printed duodecimo selling at the low price of 7/6. This would not be extravagant (in this country) for the printed text alone, but in addition there are sixteen wood blocks by Clare Leighton. These illustrations, printed on thin paper and mounted, are in the good, traditional English manner—that is, they attempt to really illustrate the book; but the technique is modern in spirit. The character of the pictures is the white-on-black method of rendering, and it is not too much to say that the results are superb. Whether or not they really illustrate the book—are satisfactory delineations of the characters—may be left to individual readers to decide for themselves. They are full of feeling, and they are well drawn and well executed. They are a contribution to the book, and make of this edition an item well worth the while of any lover of wood cuts.

If the wood cuts of Mrs. Leighton are good illustrations, and make the English edition a good one to have, it is all the more interesting to turn to the American illustrated edition, issued by A. & C. Boni, printed by the Pynson Printers, and priced at $25. The book is a large square octavo, handsomely printed in Baskerville type; but the major attractiveness is offered by the fine lithographs in color by Rockwell Kent. Mr. Kent's genius is well known, and in these seven large pictures has spread itself to good advantage. That the pictures are less portraits than symbolic presentations of episodes is to their advantage. They decorate and illustrate at once, in a manner so superb as to make this one of the outstanding books of recent years. A more stunning bit of decorative illustration than the second one—the collapse of the bridge—is seldom to be found. The use of lithography on the same page and integral with text may be academically condemned, but as worked out here can only be praised for the results obtained.

The binding of the volume is in cloth lithographed with yet another of Mr. Kent's designs, a gorgeous, colorful, all-over picture which makes a stunning binding.

Of not many books is it the privilege of the reviewer to grow enthusiastic, to say that here a fine story has been given not merely adequate, but really distinguished, setting. Hence it is with considerable pleasure that I can do so in this instance. I know of no handsomer volume issued recently than this.

R.

Illustrations

SOME things which I would have liked to say, except that I should have said them shorter and uglier, have been well said in the *Nation* for November 20, by Stephen G. Rich in an article on "The Illustration of Children's Books." Anyone interested in "juveniles" could read his essay with profit.

It is apparent, on examining books published for children, that something is lacking in the illustrations, and pictures are almost a necessity in such books. For many years the pictures by Tenniel for "Alice in Wonderland" have held high place as examples of how to illustrate a child's book, because they seem to be exactly right. What makes this rightness is skill in drawing, sympathy with the story, and a technique which, while entirely mature and competent, is still of interest to the child. Why most of the successors to Tenniel have failed to hit the mark is not entirely clear, but Mr. Rich makes a shrewd guess when he says: "Even to this day the vast majority of juveniles are illustrated so as to catch the eye of the parents rather than those of the child." Children's books are, in this respect, like the toy electric trains—intended to fascinate the grown-up buyer!

On the other hand are the pictures by Miss Ianelli, who "does with more skill than children possess, the kind of pictures that children draw," with the result that "parents and teachers are attracted by the childish drawings, and the books sell well."

Mr. Rich cites an "authoritative study" of the kind of pictures which appeal to children, which appears to be another labored pseudo-scientific attempt to prove what is already well known empirically. I doubt if any psychological series of tests will help matters, any more than Jay Hambidge's theory of dynamic symmetry will. What must be developed is a corps of designers who possess the requisite technique, together with imagination and sympathy. I am amazed at the complexity or the childishness of the work which I see in children's books: the Children's Book Number of the *Saturday Review of Literature* had a good

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many examples from current illustrated children's books, and yet there was hardly a single picture which was more than second or third rate. It was a discouraging showing.

Mr. Rich's summary of the needs of children's books is such as I can entirely agree with—"In general, the outstanding need is for a coarseness of drawing and a splashing on of vivid masses of color beyond what is to-day attempted." And there is an example of just this sort of illustrative work in one of the best juveniles ever printed, a book I have before mentioned—Edy Legrand's "Voyages et Glorieuses Decouvertes des Grands Navigateurs et Explorateurs Français." But before we shall have such robust work, the illustrating, buying, and judging of books for children must cease to be the exclusive prerogative of women. R.

Cabeça De Vaca

THE RELATION OF CABEÇA DE VACA. Printed by the Grabhorn Press, San Francisco. 1929. 300 copies.

THE title of this book *in extenso* is "Relation that Alvar Nuñez Cabeça de Vaca gave of what befell the armament in the Indis whither Pánphilo de Narváez went for Governor (from the years 1527 to 1537) when with three comrades he returned and came to Sevilla. Printed from the Buckingham Smith translation of 1871." Three hundred copies have been printed, with decorations drawn and hand-colored by Valenti Angelo.

This book is a fine piece of printing. It is a beautiful piece of printing. It is a good example of what a book can be, how nearly it may approach the status of a work of art, in the hands of thoroughly competent printers. The Messrs. Grabhorn on the Pacific Coast represent the sort of work which Mr. Updike does on the Atlantic Coast, and they do it by essentially the same means—the rigid selection of fine type, its skilful and successful handling. In the jargon of the "art critic" it might almost be said that they are "printers' printers," but it is also true that they do produce lovely books, sufficiently obvious in their beauty so that all book lovers may see and know that they are good.

The book before us is planned as a liberal quarto, printed on hand-made paper. The type is the delicate and brilliant *Lutetia* (which originated in Holland) in a large size. If Ruskin's theory that type should have plenty of light in it is correct, then this type is admirable. It is set solid, but the long descending letters allow a space between the lines which makes an open page, and one very easy to read. In fact, of types of this class, *Lutetia* is one of the most easily read. Variety on the page is obtained by large lower-case running-heads, large page numerals, and side notes in the margins. The Notes and Addenda are set in Caslon, but the use of capital letters of a size smaller than normal tends to correct the anomaly of a different kind of type. The "tone" of the book has been preserved, and that is what counts.

The decorations by Mr. Angelo are in the Spanish style, and include purely subsidiary matter—a decoration for the title page, the royal coat-of-arms, a map, etc. The color is applied with restraint, and the decorations really help the book.

The publication of the extraordinary journey of de Vaca across the southern portion of the present United States is a work which may well commend itself to California printers. In fact, the publication of regional books in fine format offers an opportunity to American printers which may lead out of the morass of reprinted classics. If all were to be as well done as this, what a contribution to American scholarship and typography might we not have! The Grabhorns have done similar outstanding work before; I hope that they will continue. They are constantly setting a very high standard of workmanship, of which the present volume is an excellent example.

R.

The American Art-Anderson Galleries announce a sale of Americana, first editions, presentation copies, and autograph material, assembled from various sources for the evenings of December 16 and 17. This collection is formed from the property of Mr. Eustace Conway of New York, the Fellowes Athenæum of Boston, the late Professor Edward S. Burgess, the Vicomte de Lantsheere of the Belgian Embassy at Washington, and others. There are: a contemporary portrait of Shakespeare painted by an artist of the Dutch School, known as the "Ashbourne" portrait; the rocking chair in which President Lincoln sat at Ford's Theatre the night of his assassination; a powder horn intended for Lord Howe as a gift from Major Israel Putnam, John Stark, and several other of his admirers; General Washington's farewell Orders to the Armies, in the handwriting of John Singer Dexter, the Adjutant General; a complete set of the Kelmscott Press books including the Chaucer; the Clawson copy of Shakespeare's "Poems"; Hawthorne's "Fanshawe," in original boards, uncut; a lock of Keats's hair; five letters by Edgar Allan Poe and an essay by him on William Gilmore Simms; letters by Keats, George Moore, Lady Ritchie, and Shelley; and presentation copies of Galsworthy's "From the Four Winds," "The Island Pharisees," and "A man of Devon." G. M. T.

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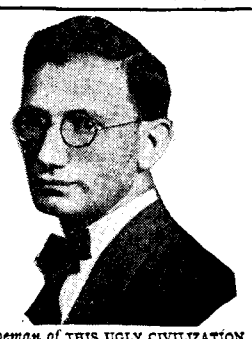

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NEWS!

Peter the Great, by STEPHEN GRAHAM, is slowly but steadily climbing higher on the best-seller lists. . . . The price has been increased to $4.00 and the book glorified with a new jacket. . . . EDDIE CANTOR rallied to the aid of the embattled shipping-room forces last week, to accelerate the record-breaking deliveries of *Caught Short* before going to Boston with *Whoopee*. . . . *Caught Short* reached the seventy-thousand copy mark in two weeks, with only a normal advance sale of 5,430 copies. . . . Still first on most best-seller lists by a wide margin. . . . EDDIE is planning to send JOE ANTHONY a new shirt, to replace the lost one. . . . *Twelve Against the Gods* is *not* a book on the jury system, it will please F. P. A. to learn. . . . BOLITHO is only one or two notches behind EDDIE CANTOR on the best-seller lists, and one rank ahead of ABBE ERNEST DIMNET, author of *The Art of Thinking*. . . . JOHN COWPER POWYS and BERTRAND RUSSELL will celebrate Friday, December 13th, at Mecca Temple, New York, by debating the proposition *Is Modern Marriage a Failure*, with HEYWOOD BROUN officiating as the third man in the ring. . . . Booksellers who were caught in the stock market insist on referring to the POWYS novel as *Wolf Solvent*. . . . *Believe It or Not*, ROBERT L. RIPLEY has twenty million readers in 210 newspapers all over the world, and receives more mail than any other individual on the face of the globe, approximately one million letters a year. . . .

—ESSANDESS.

THE PHOENIX NEST

WILL S. MONROE, of Couching Lion Farm, Waterbury, Vermont,—and that immediately becomes our favorite name for a farm,—says that he hopes we will give adequate notice of the late *John Freeman*, British poet and essayist. As a matter of fact his death has been noticed both in this column and in the body of the magazine. It is possible that the *Review* may print something longer concerning him, but meanwhile we have not been unmindful of his achievements. . . .

It is probably not allowable to advertise in this department a monumental work entitled "Twentieth Century Poetry," published by Houghton Mifflin and edited by *John Drinkwater, Henry Seidel Canby*, and *William Rose Benét*. So we guess we won't do it. . . .

Father Will Whalen's story of *Mary Jemison*, "The Golden Squaw," headed the list of best sellers for October in the Baptist book store at Shreveport, Louisiana. The Baptists operate seventeen bookstores of their own. . . .

We recommend *Stevenson's* "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," in the ten dollar limited edition designed and illustrated by *W. A. Dwiggins*, with typography by the Pynson Printers, the whole being published by Random House. This is an excellent gift-book for Christmas, and a beautiful book to keep in your library. . . .

Last week saw the publication of what we consider one of the most remarkable long poems that has ever appeared in this country, *Lola Ridge's* "Firehead." We feel it to be shot with genius, and we are not using the word "genius" idly. Payson & Clarke have brought it out in beautifully dignified style. The poem is molten, it is psychic, it takes a strange possession of one. The metaphor throughout is unusually impressive and has finality. The vigor of the narrative never flags. . . .

Strange, how the Christian Scientists can effect the sale of a book if they choose,—strange and also stupid, for their endeavors against *Edwin Franden Dakin's* "Mrs. Eddy, the Biography of a Virginal Mind" have only resulted in a further advertising of the work. So far as we can find out there is nothing really offensive in Dakin's book. It is a creditable piece of work. . . .

Prentiss Taylor at The Winter Wheat Press, 1735 F. Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., has prepared his own Christmas card, a three-leaf broadside illustrated by himself, in color. The text is "A Virgin Most Pure," being an ancient English carol, the melody from *Sandy and Gilbert*. Mr. Taylor's work is always delightful. The above is one of two Christmas song sheets, to be ordered at seventy-five cents a sheet. . . .

From the lips of monks and peasants *Theodore Nadejen* gathered the material of the Serbian national epic, and now *Ida Zeitlin* has set it forth in prose under the title of "King's Pleasure," while old frescoes still to be found in Serbian monasteries have furnished the inspiration for Mr. Nadejen's illustrations for the book. Harper & Brothers have published it at four dollars. An unusual volume for Christmas time. . . .

Charles J. Finger prides himself upon his cookery. He learned to make omelettes from *William Morris* and a man in Africa taught him to make bread. He also says he has made culinary inventions of his own, but refuses to disclose them. . . .

It is notable that *Robert Bridges*, Poet Laureate of England, should, at his age, have been able to produce a poem that has been compared for merit with *Wordsworth's* "Prelude" and *Keats's* "Endymion." It was published on the fifth of this month under the title "The Testament of Beauty" by the Oxford University Press, in an edition of 250 numbered copies at twenty five dollars each. It is printed by *William Edwin Rudge* in Estienne type on handmade Vidalon paper. The binding will be in Cockerell marble paper and quarter cloth. . . .

We have had our attention called to the following in *Katharine Gibson's* "The Goldsmiths of Florence":

> Few of us know that Paul Revere put the following amusing advertisement in the Boston *Gazette* of September 19, 1768:
>
> "Whereas many Persons are so unfortunate as to lose their foreteeth by Accident . . . to their great Detriment, not only in looks but speaking both in Public and Private. This is to inform all that they may have them replaced with artificial Ones that look as well as Natural and answer the end of speaking to all intents by Paul Revere, Goldsmith, near the head of Dr. Clark's wharf, Boston."

In an article in *Opinion*, a new journal of sorts, edited by *Jose Rodriguez*, we find reference to a work once in the possession of a member of our family, but a book which we never remember having seen again. It appeared in 1723 under the title of "Ebrietatis Ecomium: or the Praise of Drunkenness: wherein is authentically and most evidently proved the necessity of frequently getting drunk; and that the practice is most ancient, primitive and catholic." It is by *Boniface Oinophilus*, de Monte Fiascone, A. B. C. The French say, we are told, that there are "more old drunkards than old doctors." Anyway, we wish we could find a copy of that learned treatise. . . .

Boyden Sparkes has completed the biography of Hetty Green, upon which he has been working for several years. Doubleday, Doran will bring it out in April. It is the first full length life history of the picturesque feminine financier, and will not be serialized. It will appear only between book covers. . . .

In Madrid they have book clubs, and the latest selection of the Spanish Book Club is "Pobre Blanco," which, thoroughly translated, emerges as none other than "Poor White" by *Sherwood Anderson*. The Viking Press, pleased by this award to one of its books, has reciprocated by publishing a novel of Castilian life by *Eduardo Zamacois*, one of Spain's leading writers. The novel is called "Roots." . . . .

Edgar Wallace, in commenting upon the recent upheaval in the stock market has said, "Men and women who were absolutely ruined came up smiling. To me, that was the most impressive spectacle that America has had to offer. It was a test of national character that few nations could have survived." . . . .

In glancing over a book list from *G. A. Van Nosdall*, this particular one dealing with autograph letters and documents signed by celebrities, it astonishes us that one can procure any one of some forty portraits of various "movie" stars, sometimes for as little as two-fifty. All these photographs are "inscribed and signed." Of course, many of us value the signed photographs of actual friends, though the *Phœnician* does not think much of the custom; but what pleasure on earth would there be in possessing a photograph of *Ricardo Cortez, Gloria Swanson*, or *Theda Bara*, if one had never even had the pleasure of meeting said lady or gentleman? If one was pretending to have a wide acquaintance in Hollywood one could get a nice collection of photographs for about fifty dollars. That's about all. We wonder how many photographs a week Movie stars sign? . . .

Miss Peggie Phipps and *Miss Anne Colby* have announced the opening of The Wakefield Bookshop at 509 Madison Avenue, below 53rd Street. The telephone is Wickersham 9459. . . .

John Hervey writes that our reference to Stephen Vincent Benét's remarks about "Sex on a Gunboat," etc. brought back vividly to him the days in which he inherited from an Uncle the "Frank Books" by "*Harry Castlemon*," "Frank on a Gunboat," "Frank before Vicksburg," and "Frank on the Lower Mississippi." He and his brother became confirmed "Castlemon" fans. Mr. Hervey, who, by the way, is one of the translators of the beautiful poems of *Heredia*, just published by the John Day Company, says he believes that "Castlemon's" real name was *Fosdick* and that he himself had served on the Mississippi in the U. S. Navy during the Civil War. Then there were "Frank on the Prairie" and "Frank at Don Carlos' Rancho," "as well," continues our correspondent, "as other series of stories by "Castlemon" that came out in the young folks weeklies and monthlies. As I recall them, they stood, in our estimation, second only to 'Tom Sawyer' among our boyhood's favorites and I have often wondered why, amid all the reminiscences of *Horatio Alger*, *'Oliver Optic,'* and other writers of boys' books of the 'seventies and 'eighties, 'Harry Castlemon' is never mentioned." . . .

Well, here's mention! . . .

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Points of View

Irish Literature

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In the terrific struggle of the Irish nation for political freedom, the world of letters in Europe and America pictured Ireland as a dreamer's colony of Celtic inhibitions. Her authors all managed to strike the "Celt" fibre, and its novelty and charm captured admiration.

Irish writers have almost always expressed themselves in verse, and if one did not always succeed in guessing what it meant, one could always find beauty in it. Ireland has long been represented as a land of shadowy twilight. The feeling of its poetry is dim and exceedingly tenuous and misty, when it thought itself mystical. The chief poets of its movement are William B. Yeats and George (A.E.) Russell.

There are many who think that the best all around writer both in prose and in verse of the pre-freedom Ireland was James Stephens. Unfortunately, Stephens is for the time silent. Russell's work in literature is scant and fitful. Editing a weekly review takes up nearly all his time.

Yeats still carries on, but with a marked difference. He is not the old Yeats, or rather he is no longer the young Yeats. He has ceased to be a struggling poet, and is now a man of means, almost what in France would be called by enemies a "bourgeois." It has been repeatedly stated that, like Tennyson's blackbird, "Plenty corrupts the melody that made him famous once when young." His genius is still evident, however. His lyrical impulse seems to have died within, and in his latest volume of poems, "The Tower," it is impossible to avoid feeling that he has been deeply affected by the reactions of the civil war.

Of the newer poets of to-day, perhaps the most remarkable is Francis Higgins. Like most of the prominent Irish authors, he is Protestant and a Gael, and when an Irish Protestant is a Gael, he is very Gaelic indeed. Higgins gets quite behind the inspiration of the shadowy twilight school. He depicts, after the old Gaelic fashion, a full-blooded life. He is, unlike most of the writers to-day, never sordid or realistic, yet his work shows an immense vitality. Another and a very different poet is Austin Clarke. Some of his most interesting work is that in which he experiments in the reproduction of English verse of the old Gaelic meters. He is bent towards the classics.

It is to drama rather than to poetry that the swarm of new Irish writers devote themselves. Nearly all the young men and women who can write at all have plays in their pockets. A new little theatre, the Peacock, more or less attached to the old Abbey Theatre, has given some of them a chance of successful production.

The Abbey Theatre plays mostly continue to display a crude realism. There is a marked avoidance of and a reaction from anything that savors of heroics, and an insistence on the unpleasant on the ground that it is lifelike.

The note struck by Sean O'Casey: "It makes me sick to hear people talking of the gunmen dying for the people when it is the people who are dying for the gunmen," well illustrates this new feeling. O'Casey's "Juno and the Paycock" and "The Plough and the Stars," both in their way masterpieces of dramatic art, are full of evidences of disillusion. There is a temper of harshness and revolt in all that O'Casey writes.

Perhaps the best play produced in recent times from the point of view of true reality is "The Big House," by Lennox Robinson. It is a wonderful picture of things as they are in the new conditions, and succeeds in stating with an astonishing all around impartiality the points of view of many conflicting interests.

The Abbey Theatre, of which Robinson is one of the directors, is the only theatre in all the British commonwealth which enjoys a government subsidy. Mr. Blythe, the Minister of Finance, has given it a government grant which set it firmly on its feet. The theatre was once merely an eccentricity talked of mainly by the intellectuals. It has now become fashionable, and when a play is produced, an event of fairly frequent occurrence, the advance booking fills the theatre.

Irish novels, like the plays of O'Casey, reflect the prevailing temper of critical reaction. They are mostly startlingly realistic. Liam O'Flaherty and Brinseley MacNamara depict an Ireland that most Irishmen would be glad to believe does not exist. But even Ireland has its seamy side, and Irish literature is still busy engaging itself in revealing it.

There are more attractive novelists writing in Gaelic. Padraic O'Connaire, who died recently, was a brilliant writer in Gaelic, especially of short stories, and he has been compared with Maupassant. Frank O'Connor (who is a Carnegie librarian) writes equally well in both Irish and English.

GEORGE P. BUTTERLY, JR.
Baltimore, Md.

Graduate Study Again

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I think that the learned correspondents who recently held your columns were unfair to the plaint of the Graduate Student. Surely our graduate schools are far from perfect. They dodge two-thirds of their job by failing to prepare persons to teach literature and by failing to prepare persons to create literature.

Whether they do the other third of their job (i. e., teaching persons to appreciate literature) is still doubtful. My own sad experience may be summarized thus:

First, we never studied any work of literature except Shakespeare. By that I mean that at no time did our teacher with book in hand discuss passages with students who had the same edition of the same book in their hands. The teacher, with or without book, usually spoke in general and vague terms about some work which we had read two months before or would read two months later or perhaps would never read. You wouldn't call that study, would you?

Second, this absence of books necessarily resulted in lack of analysis. You can't analyze a book *in absentia* any more than you can conduct a clinic without a body. Furthermore, so many authors and books had to be "covered" that it was a lucky work which received five minutes' attention. And what analysis can you make of an absent and perhaps unfamiliar work in five minutes?

Third, this lack of analysis necessarily resulted in lack of criticism or judgment. Just as one must analyze evidence in a courtroom or the contents of a test tube in the laboratory, so is analysis necessary before literary judgments. No books—no analysis—no standards of appreciation.

Our teachers of literature have no practice in analysis and judgment; they lack accepted methods for these processes. So they naturally turn from such tasks to the easier job of tracing the history of literature by sources, parallels, influences. The student's problem usually can be boiled down to something like: "What were the ingredients that went into 'Paradise Lost'?" He does read that epic, but (as the Graduate Student rightly said) he must read a shelf of dead stuff besides in order to answer that question. That dead material doesn't help him to appreciate the epic any more than looking at hydrogen and oxygen would help him to understand and evaluate water. Furthermore (in answer to several correspondents' queries as to why the student doesn't go ahead and read without professional supervision), the assigned task of perusing this dead stuff keeps him from reading other more worthy books, however much recommended. He swallows and perhaps chokes on these dusty tomes; he feels that he is learning no standards of criticism, no methods of teaching, no ways of creating literature. I don't wonder that so many Graduate Students give up in despair and become bootleggers!

W. L. WERNER.
State College, Pa.

The Wit's Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

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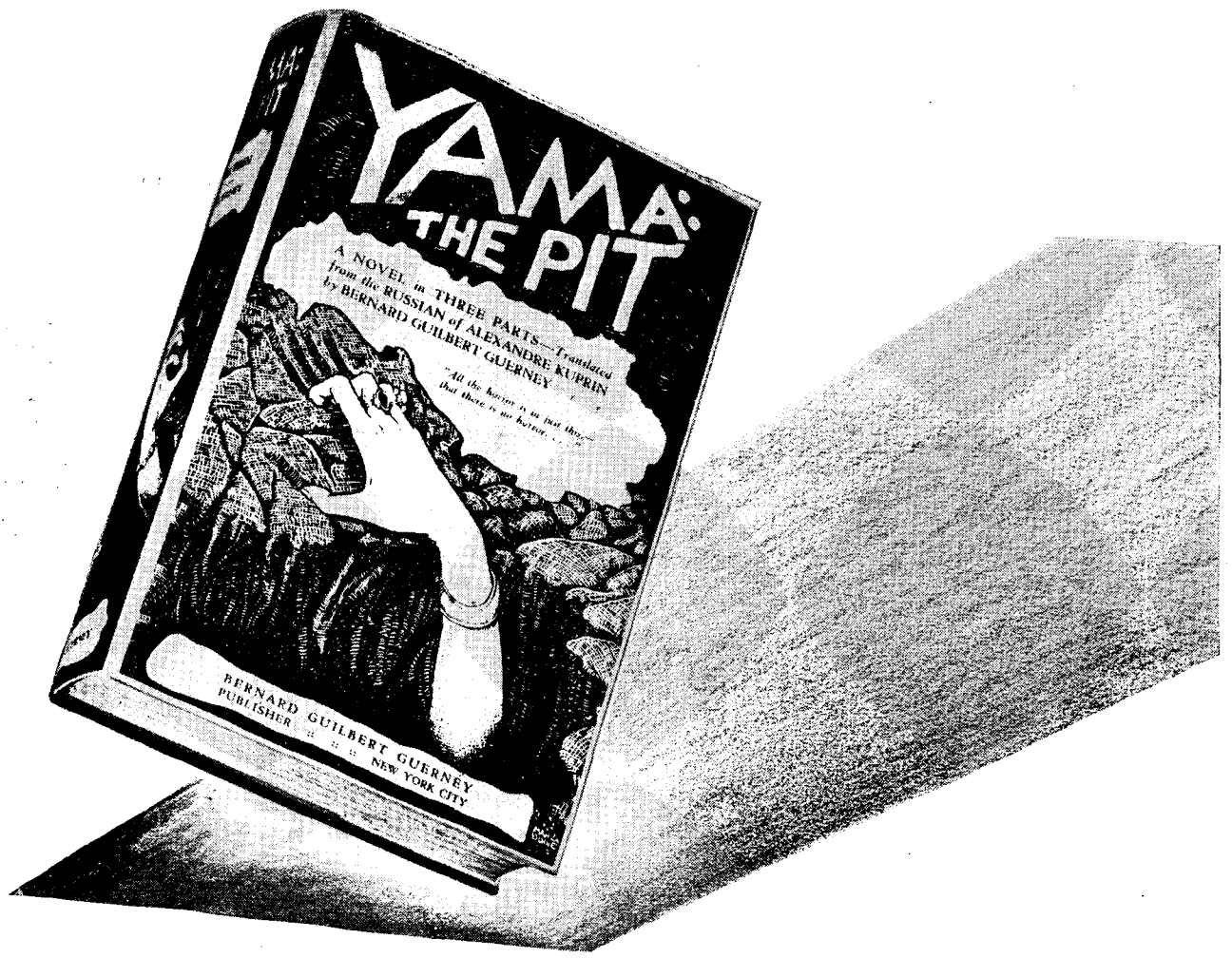
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BY ALEXANDRE KUPRIN

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